THE NEW YORKER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 183 WILLIAM ST. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867. TERMS, $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 21.

THE HATS IN THE HALL.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Three-score, and privileged, I sits and dreams,
In my chair by the open mid-door,
And, while I am silent and seem to be asleep,
I am watching my sons' hats that hang on the rack,
I am hearing my sons' low comments of how
Come footsteps so soft in their fall,
But they come at my will as I pour in the dusk
Whose the hats are hung up in the hall.

"And you see little Hal, with his round, rosy face
Basking in for his bed-hottered cap?"
"I saw him to-day"—the speaker was out-door,
Nor whisper, "Grandpa had a nap."
"And Jack, with his rough curls, he went to sch.
And he never came back any more
To you; but he visits me once in a while—
Five in, and five out, at the door.

"There's Edward's southwester—it always hangs there
Like it is right. Let me see—
Not was organist, and sleet, in the Mexican war,
How many past years stand that hat
I forget; but he comes, with a trout like a pobcat,
See friends, an amateur artist and I
I see his dark eyes as he covers his cares
With the hat that he hangs in the hall.

"There's a tin try son John brought away from the
Mr. John's a great lawyer, you know,
And greatly respected; he translated two years.
That wide—oh! I—isn't a long while ago,
That the busy man, who really comes,
Seems scarcely so real to me
As the traveler treasured with the Syrian sun.
Whose long hair and big coat I can see.

Once there used to be caps, baby-bonded and worn,
Kitchen-bonnet and bottlered to go,
Little children came before whom you cannot see,
And we weep over bed—she and I.

That—it's his pale cap, with whitening hair—
Yes, that comes daily to me,
In a various position, as fresh as a rose,
Laying down a soft hand on my knee;
Then from the hall he has left me all peace,
Look [illegible] and resting evermore,
As they did when he came from our home years
And left me to watch by the door.

So with my dream, sweet, all kept in me—
From the shadowless spaces within I look
Out, and I see, in the hall of the Unseen,
Hanging up all the hats in the hall!

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FARMER'S WILL.

The earlier stages of cerebral excitement seldom lay beneficial sense. Objects become more clear, sounds more significant, and, according to the nature of our own feelings, the exterior world is red or gay. But a higher degree of excitement works toward reason and sentiment, and he must be obtuse indeed whose life-pulses have grown dim, and passing events seem like the silent passages of scenes.

For all the next day Barton was sunlight as if were moonlight. He was heavy in a hundred little things in town and at home, preparatory to his departure. It seemed to him as if he were putting a great deal of distance between him and home. It is not alone distance, but the change of business and of occupations that works a sense of safe separation. It was not a scene of miles Absence, but it seemed to him like putting forth to Atlantic Ocean between himself and the life on which he had been reared. The air would full of sad farewells. The well whose fullness had been familiar to his taste, the rock on which he had labored, the cattle and their ways, the old Thanksgiving Hen which he had not seen without sounds through all the childhood, pathetic scenes for crowded memories and times through which he had gone so long together in love, all during the eve of going away seemed to be parts of his life, as he had imagined it was to be afterward.

So great was love by the gate, where he and Mary had so often stood, that he knew it would be, for unexpected reasons, the most difficult day in going in its hopes, and at half hours he found himself under it dreaming and wondering, asking like one who had lost something, if that something he could not exactly call to mind.

Brief farmer neighbors, who respected Hiram Gilbert, passing on their errands to and from town, stopped to make inquiries or to express their interest in the young man.

Mr. Orrin Hills was driving past, on his way home, and seeing Barton in the front door, held up. His horse was always in favor of stopping.

"Gershi! So you're goin' to college?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"It's day or two."

"Take days?"

"Ah, so—father's wagon."

He did not know about every years old, with bad bones and no flesh on them, and for looks, like a washboard—a very crooked one, and a title or half a hoop.

By her said so. "Cost a slight of money, too? Spose you mean to preach, don't ye? Best of 'em do, over to Andover. My son's talkin' 'bout education too. Shouldn't wonder if Hezekiah finished it one of these days."

"Hezekiah is a smart fellow," said Barton, who ought to make a good scholar."

"Smart? But not so good, I expect, as his father would a him—him that's gone. I've seen it exactly right, that I wouldn't let him go to college. He must be good for nothin', and never mind it a good deal. Neither if I'd let him go he wouldn't a strained himself and got into a decline." A jobber man would evidently have shed a tear, but old Orrin Hills had not a drop of moisture in his body to spare, and so he shed he wished nervously half a dozen times and then shut his eyes tight.

With that he commenced a series of jerks at his horse's mouth, like ever ringing a dance—a frivolency the bell was for down in the animal, for it was only after all a sort of a nervous, incessant ing in length and emphasis, that his horse awoke in the consciousness that he was awake for, and began to amble along the dusty road.

Barton sat, after seeing his friend by the tree, a clump of lilacs hiding him from passers-by. A wagon with two boys, going toward town, came in a waft in front of the house, and Barton had the interest of a new sensation.

"Old Nick Cathcart's got a sung place—two of 'em!"

"Sing?"

"Don't knows. Taint like him. Lively got enough, though. Guess he'll have to, if he gets enough college."

"Harvie? Eh, I've heard. Is he one of 'em?"

"Can't tell what a boy is when he's tied to his mother's apron-strings. Keeps a good fellow enough, but a proud ones. It takes those proper fellows to raise any decent struggling and their misery. He'll cut a figure among the gall."

"They say he's mighty smart."

The nag struck into a trot, and the last of the sentence was lost. Barton's mind was excited. He felt like springing over the fence, and doubling summary chuckings as he went. Nonsense! That kind of writing with his name he was not used to, and would not tolerate. He was excited. His young friend! If you undertake to call men's thoughts and feelings by account, the old gossipping talk, you will be like a swallow that undertakes to clear out the evening air of all the summer insects that fly in it.

Toward evening, as they came home from town, Elisha Townsend—familiarly called "Uncle Lisha"—stopped for a moment. He was a big-bellied mare, whose colt gave her a world of trouble—wouldn't keep in the road, and wanted to go behind—wouldn't answer when she whinnied—wouldn't—wouldn't—wouldn't—wouldn't keep still for anything. Colts are very trying ways and haves—would canter of like mad.

"Very fine colt," said Barton, as that came out after it. The poor mare seemed anxious and nervous, till the naughty boy of a colt nestled under her very neck; saying, by her manner, of guilty at words could not have done it.

"Oh, dear, I never shall make anything out of such a colt as this! It is a dreadful world for colts. Nobody can tell how a mare feels!"

Uncle Lisha himself was single, sensible, and not nervy. But, as everything has its contrasts, so he carried on the back of his life a little sympathizing, that didn't laugh, was not merry nor fat, but whose muscle lasted well a person, and all collies of being sensible, straight and the other boys catch the sensation. We would have known him on the green, or who had buried and fished with him, were a little proud of his self-control and sympathy.

Tommy Tall, who was every year more comfortable, and Presidentially—except for wooden leg, in which he declared he never remembered to have had a single pain—was one of the crowd. He was particularly triumphant over Barton, and openly declared that Hen's success as a scene manner due to his influence.

"I knew you—I always knew! how would be. You'll be a smarter yet. If they've got any spare professorships, you'll get one faster than you can say Jack Robinson. Your plan needs to a plan, and you can wrestle, side-belt, back-hug, and everything, any way. I don't care what's the strap there that can ellude as you can, or snake as you can wriggle, or heave as heavy a sledge hammer at arm's length, or throw it half as far, I'll back you to do it!"

Barton could not but smile at Tommy's notions of what constituted scholarship. But Tall was ignorant of books and college, he was ignorant of human nature, and, indeed, of all the sex of teaching the very marrow of people's characters. He was ignorant of everything but exactly as a blind, and fatile away, half a homer and half a fool, a mixture of the boy, the man, or the lawyer, or the schoolmaster, with any quantity of common sense and shrewdness, which he had done in world contrive to get in a word edgewise. He was a man of no education, no power, or exposed some weakness which good manners usually never show. He was a man Tommy Tall's delighted to please. Toward those whom he adopted into his confidence Tommy was a child. He was a child to them.

"And so, Barton, you're to belt alone," he began again—"I and the Westerners" he said, with a sharp glance at Barton, quickly with—"you'll do well, I'm sure. Come, consider I'll look after the doctor, and let you know," Tommy's face was full of good-boy strength with a comical expression. "The fact is—four years, you say? Well, four years is a good while. Great many changes. Folks grow a good deal in four years. Some die, and you will hear sorry thing. What you goin' to do then? Not preach, are ye? Should hate to see you stiffen up so, Barton. Good thing—very good thing, when a man's made for it, solid and sober. But it's hard makin' a man-o'-war out of a clipper ship. But I'm no wise concerned. It'll all steer along right. Of course, it may be necessary. I've noticed that a smart young minister it up to have his pick and choice for marrying. I'll advise you to go to Congress, Barton, or be governor, or somethin'. But then, if it's necessary for all your purposes to preach, I have no objection."

And with the last sentence he gave Barton another sharp look that, in spite of himself, brought a little color into his cheeks.

Dr. Wentworth, to whom Barton was much endeared, went aside from his usual habit, and gave him some advice.

Barton, I am sorry of your courses. I shall lose faith in human nature if you do not lead an honorable career. You are more likely to break it down in health. You are too fierce in pursuit.

"Really, my complimentary friend, you must be content to-night with only me, for Allen is doing the last things before the eventful to-morrow, when her knight and champion departs, and she shall sit solitary, an alder without a Barton! I am now a blossom without a bee. Really—of a—it is a stick without a blossom! You would think that I was a prince if you saw how quickly I am turned at home! Only father keeps to his old way. He goes on just as regularly as he does now as he'll were twelve years old; gives me sound sentences and good judgment; holds me up sharply to every thing I say, and asks my reasons. A good professor was lost when father took to good corn. I'm thinking."

Rose was already an accomplished musician, and it had always been Barton's delight to listen to her touching on the piano, especially Beethoven's. There is in this incomparable master, the Shakespeare of music, those elements which are more to win all who have a sensible love of nature. As there is hardly a page of Shakespeare in which one shall not find some fit passage in Shakespeare, so there is scarcely a page or sound in sonata for which you may not refer a scrub in Beethoven which suggests or inaugurates it.

Rose played Barton's favorite pieces, and ended with the sweet and melody of those calm portion of Beethoven's fifth symphony, of which, without exaggeration, it may be said, every sentiments destroyed but thus, the germs of all might be found in that, and the highest of music be re-created.

Then they recalled the many scenes of their childhood; they discussed in merry mood of the future. Rose was to write to Barton at once from home, for one or two years at school. Then if the Doctor's health was favorable, they proposed to travel with Rose and her mother in Europe, leaving Allen with Aunt Lucy, who was driven; and, by the time that Barton should have completed his course, Rose, accomplished return, a woman full of accomplishments, and when with a world of foreign ideas.

When Barton had said good-bye and turned to go home, he was one of the boys. He was the one, that Rose was conscientious of his knee's weight; and, when he had gone, she was conscious of a want. And, alas! in her beautiful fair she was stifled up as far above him,—was so noble and free in spirit,—so pure in command that the mere worthy of her love than he could ever expect to be, that one night aimed as well follow a star in hopes of clasping it, as follow Rose through the coming years in expectation of winning her.

"What does I" said Barton to himself. "It is Rose or no one! Should God please, I shall have a complete life. Should He otherwise ordain, I shall not be the first man who limped through life striving to do his part. I will be true to my duty wherever comes. I will be a man, and accomplish something—so help me God!"

After Barton had left, Rose repaired to her room. She sat in her window looking upon the moonlight landscape, where the leaves of the moonlight played at light and shadows with the distant mountains. Some such reflections passed through the girl's mind as those that Barton should have encountered. Should she welcome or should she not welcome? Should she welcome ordain, I shall not be the first man who limped through life striving to do his part. I will be true to my duty wherever comes. I will be a man, and accomplish something—so help me God!"

After Barton had left, Rose repaired to her room. She sat in her window looking upon the moonlight landscape, where the leaves of the moonlight played at light and shadows with the distant mountains. Some such reflections passed through the girl's mind as those that Barton should have encountered. Should she welcome or should she not welcome? Should she welcome ordain, I shall not be the first man who limped through life striving to do his part. I will be true to my duty wherever comes. I will be a man, and accomplish something—so help me God!"

While ideality gave to every one of her faculties the quality of aspiration, this tendency was never followed by discontent. Her ideal life was not a flight from an unsympathetic reality. Her real life was full and joyous, and ideality was employed only to glorify and transfigure.

Strong, ardent, enthusiastic, sensitive, and sympathetic, it may seem impossible that she should intelligently know that Barton passed beyond the period of simple friendship without experiencing a deeper interest for her.

Yet so it was. She felt for Barton an unfeigned affection. She was rather unconscious of time when she did not. She believed that he loved her as a brother loves.

It would be difficult to analyze the impression which Barton's departure for college left in Rose. A gentle wonder possessed her, a coldness carefully to name what his feeling was. She had not been wont to dream of love, nor to think of it. In the romantic writings which day she revelled in the joys and duties of that life, and in the sweet and tender sympathies of home. Nothing had yet revealed to her the spirit and the power of love. In those which she had read, love was a thing to be sought and won. Her time had not come. And so, though she had been conscious of the ever-deepening love which fanns all the feelings, harmonizes and transfigures them, she had no idea that she the dominion of one supreme emotion!

CHAPTER XXV.

FAREWELLS.

Like the sea, which never seems fuller by any amount of rain, nor emptier by any continuance of drought, so the current of social life, even in summer, and only fall in winter. The people who remain in the country and the city pass seem socially empty and void, but never insensible. They are only waiting to resume among the streets, coming and going with endless industries. And, yet, if one follows the track of those who have left the wild that the great cities must have emptied their continuous hair cars, steamboats, sea-side hotels, mountain-houses, inland summer's canvas-cities of fashionable springs, and even into the very wilderness.

In general this migratory column is guided by one of two instincts. The one part is seeking a crowd, and the other part is seeking to get rid of a crowd. The first seem to have the majority. But it is only in appearance. At a few places, and in great numbers, they attract attention, while the far greater number, dispersed over wide territories, hidden in dress,

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

houses, be secluded country towns, or re-visiting homes, are not easily entertained.

Crammed out to their example who seek out places where daily papers are unknown, where the mail comes but twice a week; where it is so still every day that people's voices seem a noise on Sunday to distinguish it from week-days; where, if a wagon drives through the town, people come to the door and wonder what has happened.

Crammed on to the window of those notable and credible people was a sheet of the New York *Herald*. His under the great elms that spread their parti-arched arms about solitary farm houses; who exchange the street for mountain streams, make bargains with the brooks, and cast their nets for trout rather than for men!

Yes, let me abide with the artist in fine scenery, or stroll with some learned professor, who shall put mountain names on familiar flowers, and let me know what bug it was that bit me, and what bird sang to me. But, above all, let me have the best of all company for a thoughtful man—good health within and sublime without.

Yet solitude is apt to become exceedingly solemn and lonesome, therefore I should not care to be confirmed. Let rare and rich friends dwell within reach; for it is solitude that gives zest to society, and goodly company is that prepares for you for the joys of solitude. Adieu to the social life what rests are in music. Sounds following silence are always dear.

The other day I got me to the woods, where the autumn tints and the autumn airs had leagued against the sun, and quite expelled him. I had upon a neat reading cushion above the ground, lay me down, and, leaning against the trunk, I remembered, so my out whose things are done in most places. So still was I that insects flew about my face, and made a highway of my nose. A robin, whose nest showed young heads, hard by, and nervously inquired from branch to branch near me, shortly questioning my errand. But my plaid silence soon smoothed down the feathers on his black head and his incendiary breast, and he only chattered in those short notes which are employed for domestic purposes, and which are not to be confounded with their songs than are men's sermons to be deemed their common conversation. Birds both talk and sing. Nearly an hour I walked, and then rested on a mossy log—a wood-chuck—and perched his speckled head right over against me on a pine tree. He did not look in one place more than another, and so I knew that he was not afraid of me.

At once he began dressing his feathers. He ran his bill down through his sub-speckled breast, he prinked the wings, and he stroked the long coverts. He ruffled up his whole plumage and shook it robustly. Then, as he lazy talon completed, he flew into a tree nearer the road, where he could look down on me, be seen, and begin his song. It was neither warble nor continuous song, but a choice selection of single syllables, of such sweet and loving thought as seldom doth come to the ear of tender nature. And all his heart seemed to be in it, and he would stop in the song or sweetly to sing again. So the wood-thrush, at the twilight edge of solitude and sing to the man who pays no heed to its delightful voice.

It was this union of seclusion and publicity that made such a place of surpassing charm through the summer, of artists, of learned scholars, and of persons of taste in general. It was company for all that shunned solitude, and solitude for all that were weary of company. Each house was secluded from its neighbor. Trees and gardens, and orchards and shrubbery, so arose that each separated from agree the farm up a little distance from the house of having been built in an orchard or a forest-path. A few steps and you were alone—a few steps too would bring you among crowds. Where else could one obtain such perfect conflict between sounds and silence with more harmony by?—or make bitterness more sweet? The mountain?—or more nimbly chase the dreams of night with ever-beginning day? Or wondering every day what has become of the day before, and each week what has come of the week, and in autumn what had become of the summer, but had no melancholy save that of the how swift were its footsteps! The town left these by half, and was not empty and lonely to the solitary.

There are but two perfect months in our year —June and October. People from the city use any advantage in mid-June. Each day's growth is gorgeous greens; October, the month of my choice. Save the full beauty of the rose, October has the splendor of ripeness. Every day is more and more glorious, and the year has been so still you can tell you. Dates now to the touch the heart nothing, one may well shut up the book of the year.

Three years had Sexton Catheart been gone, and had ceased to be missed. The people of his new society well keep open the gaps. Waters and men fill every opening. His vacant place, the first year, returned him to his friends the same, to the town more and more missed, and to the brain gives expression to the body. Butcher's face had become more thoughtful, his features were more definite. Rose had been gone for the most part during the three years.

Harwood had never been more cheering than during this third year of Marion's absence. It was overflowing with vitalism. They were mental in farm-houses, in boarding-houses, in hotels. Some came for a few days—lounged, fished, and departed. Some came for the season. Children were as plenty as flowers. Pennies were in vogue. Rides and excursions occupied much time. The sober Talkee people looked with a shuddering eye upon the new and so much precious time. But, as the money spent was not their own, they were not much to be blamed more inclined to accept the swarm of lillers as a providential gift.

This year came Frank Rich, a young artist. One or his business cronies described him to me: "Frank is a pint of brown-coat, with a rich, creamy foam on it. If you don't like him at first, you will find somethin' in you." This proved to be a correct description of Rich's temperament. He was not a bore exactly, but he was one of that kind of men who excessive good spirits or a fresh complexion, bedding a genial temperament, with brown hair which curled all over his head, blue eyes which were a perpetual invitation to laugh, Frank was the best company possible. Nothing disturbed him. His flow of spirits flowed and sparkled over checks and obstacles that annoyed other men, as a mere brook runs every impediment into an occasion of babble and music. His manners were free and blandly seemed inexhaustible. He was, without a particle of coquetry, a favorite with man; and, what is more remarkable, Frank, a universal favorite, received with equal cordiality and encouraged by generous favor, was not spoiled nor corrupted into egotism or vanity. He retained his honest-heartedness and all his disinterestedness and feeling with all his success. Success stimulation as if he had been a bed of flowers, and did not understand the admiration lavished on him. He played passably well upon the piano, and could sing a serenading song to the guitar that, if the night was bewitching and the listeners romantic, was accounted very well done.

He came look out upon New-York harbor, after an eastern storm, he will see it covered with craft, that loved upon its surface to frolic like with free; nor can the eye, at a distance, tell why they hold their places, swinging but a little way with the changing tide, facing the wind obstinately and refusing to be blown away. Every one is rooted. The harbor is in rest.

If men are fooled in this, much tempted and yet firm in principle, they are fooled in other where. It may be a sweetheart, or a sister, or a friend, or a husband. His heart was a sore and stomach leather. Men anchor each other. Frank's anchor was a wife. She was just the ideal of all excellence, the sea this which his heart emptied. On the way Frank flying through Harwood, like a copious river, might cherish islands, or touch and shake his banks; but they were but delays of that stream which not steadily forward in his course. She was not only the most intimate companion, but he seemed to gather up in his heart all those affections which are usually distributed under the several heads of wife, friend, husband. His heart was a bed dead for several years. He was her only child. The first word on entering home was Frank's call," mother?" and, this a bird to its mate's call, the response was a glad flying through all rooms, answered. His face was a glow of fond admiration. He praised her, and laughed over her, and flattered her, and danced about her with an affectionate gayety that was contagious to the timid. His mother was slender, pale, and quiet, and spoke only when she had to speak. He would catch his mother in his arms, and rock her to and fro, and kiss her, and, possessing very, by the force of his own spirits, set her whole soul in a glow. Once a friend, coming on invitation to tea and an appeal to Frank's mother, entered and found Frank dash through the door with his mother in his arms, sitting him all the way with loud protest and proud acquiescence, and set her down on the floor, standing by her chair, and, seated, with the introduction, "Horatio, this is my mother!" She sat with quiet smile, putting her hand to her surprised and amused guest, and saying: "Don't mind my son's folly, sir; he's only a boy yet—I must have been very delinquent to have brought up such a child." Frank put his arm about all the while with eyes beaming with love. It is fortunate for the human race that mothers suffered for the wants of both. He had a world of eagerness; a world of feeling, a world of poetry, a talent for painting, a talent for landscape gardening, and for music. He was a flower-bed too thickly planted, his talents allowed to contend with each other, and so each could get a-head. One talent he lacked, that of common sense. He was a spendthrift, and had a rare facility of spending it. To be sure he had his good habits. He never drank intoxicants, he never threw away money. It only disappeared in the most fine like wise through a sieve and drop by drop. It insisted in his palm like a tree that is constantly shedding its fruit. Now and it rose and departed as the drops of dew in the morning from flower and leaf. He was prodigal in delicate perfumes and left no trace behind.

Frank's mother was a widow. Her husband, who had been poor, died. I have no pity for any one who leaves his family in poverty. Let no man flatter himself that he will be an exception to the general rule by saying to-day, "I am going to give you my children. I am going to leave you my wife to nurse." I am going to do it, and in utterly that since he has been so kind as to take them off my hands, and add with infinite sweetness and wonderful consideration, "I am going to leave you a little child."

Everybody cried. "Rose, step right in here, and rest you a minute," cried one. "Rose, let me have your bonnet," cried another. "Rose, you know her but two, just then came the parrot, screaming, "Rose, Rose!" and, flapping his tail up to its arms, and blazing on him, with his head on one side, and his eye twinkling. She would not let me go. I was stuck with her wherever I went. I could not get away. I would have fainted. She seemed solemn, as though she were performing a religious rite. She flurried me discomposed me. Her fidelity was not to be endured. I was perversely believed and looked up to as a hero. I was a hero, when he came in. There was a hero, when he went out. There was a hero, when he was in the house. I was a hero, when I was not. Every one of these—a fine woman, too—folded the child in her arms, pressed it to her bosom, and made it sigh it prayer. The doctor took me with both his hands, looked me in the face with unusual courage. I ran your debtor for my whole life. He said not. He simply left me with the child, and we must know more of you." I need not tell that I was quite overwhelmed. I was glad when Dr. Snell, as I learned his name to be, in his professional capacity, ordered me to the hands upon my head, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Tim Mahoney, you're a brick. Any man, sir, you're a brick. Any man, sir, you're a brick. Any man, sir, you're a brick." Mahoney thinks that Yankee people have no hearts, I think he could not be more in the right of the hotel. At every door-post stood the people—the women with their children in their arms, or them stepped out to thank me, and shake hands. A kind-hearted gray-haired lady, Mrs. Hyde, by smoke and genteel—Judge Bacon they called him—called me to her house, and I had tea with a statement. "It was very well done of you, young man," a respectable-looking old gentleman said. "It will be a credit to your whole life."

I was glad to leave the hotel, Hiram Reere was becoming about me, and, as soon as he saw me, he began to cry.

"I want to shake hands with you, going to do it, and I'm going to do it every day, but that was about the dazzling thing yet. I'm going to write to your folks, and tell them how proud I am to have you in my house, and how honest I am to have you in my house, and how honest I am to have you in my house, and how honest

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE STORY OF JUNE.

BY CALEB DENN.

I.

Under the willowy arbors where the glad, free breezes are singing;
And the busy wren, bell-throated, swattens the air with its ringing;
Where the velvetlet foliage whispers, and the low, soft hush of the bee
Is the only sound enchanted in the heart of the beautiful trees;
Where the breath of the new ascending lingers the heart of the maid,
Close to the graves of my darlings, I lie in the story of June.

June with her sweet voice tender and her smiles of delicious grace,
June with the golden sunshine and flushes the new-born face,
Come to me with the accents that drop from the angel's tongue,
Come to me then, my sweet one, and answer me all my song.

Come with your hope home in heaven through the tumultuous mist of the ocean,
Come with the lily a-trailing; come with the rising sun;
Come where the day is ending and the sunny hours are gone;
Come with the shadows gather between the north and the south,
Come to me, sweet spirit of freezing in my dusty mouth.

Come to me when the evil that remains my soul within,
Raises its passionate fury and quickens my zeal to sin;
Come to me then, my sweet one, and answer me all my call,
That fullest and best in the sampler and burdens my heart with pain;
Come down the starry pathway that leads from that bounteous clime,
Where, like a dove, clamorist, and love is a truth supreme.

II.

Come to me, come, my darlings, come to me in my dreaming!
Come while my soul seems nearing the heavenly shore, bright-gleaming;
Come while the sun-kissed sapphic their souls upon the sea,
The ocean-bound heart, my darlings, we would bear for eternity.
Come while the rose in brightness, and the violet drops its blue,
Like a lonely mother weeping above the grave of her child;
Come while the leaves we planted lovingly on your graves are green,
And the lily is beauty, and sweet with the sweetest perfume.
I would feel your presence beside me, for all that through it I left
In unspeakable loss the brightest of all of earth's bright gifts.
Come while the birds are singing, and the smiles of the daytime fall
Clean like a veil of sunshine between the sunbeams falls;
Come on the shadows weaken the bright-red from the rose,
Also the blue in the twilight dimness the ghost of the snow,
Come to me now, come quickly while the lonely heart beneath me will—
Sunshine—Sunshine—my heart, come, in the light of June.

ELSIE DUNN.

BY MARY ETTA DALLAS.

All the hot day—a day when the street pavements were hot as oven floors, and in country places the grass grew dusty and yellow and the foliage crisp and dry, when laborers and carrivers had, in more than one instance, been stricken at their work by the sun's burning rays and dead of dying—all such a day as this a young woman, hardly more than a young girl, had been wandering the streets of Brandleborough.

She wore a shabby bonnet, and a dress in the last stages of respectability. But she looked neat enough, for she had to make the utmost endeavor forget or fail to observe the exact condition of her garments, when as pale in a watch-like would have excited comment, and the woman who kept the little shop had inquired after her "that there lady."

She had a lady's face—a rarely pretty one, too—soft-eyed and brunette. Ripples of jet black hair, and a mouth like a damask rose; such hands as have no aspirin in them, but are all curves and dimples; and a figure which owed its charms to nature. Beautiful enough to be any man's new daughter, or any man's bewildering darling; but friendless, homeless, and hopeless and lonely as only the tramp that he sometimes is.

She had come up from a great city—Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, which—other Richmond matrons had gone to the mountains or the seaside for some particular health in question—and believed would benefit make the fortune of every one concerned—a new method of learning to spell or French in, at her lessons, with no study, or music on the same terms. Whatever it was, Marvel & Wonder had advertised for ladies of good address to go all over the United States as agents, and this girl, sick of the needle and starvation prices, had eagerly answered the chance, not that she expected a fortune, but that she hoped to live.

There she was in Brandleborough—no more like as Egypt could have been; and all her little stock of money was gone, and none of Marvel & Wonder's books disposed of, and no commission—and she was alone. Besides, the kindly goodness knew how much humiliation at the hands of persons who did not want what she had to offer; and had been sold by one more druggist's wife than she could say a book if she would give him a kiss; and had been bored at and ogled by almost every masculine individual she came across who was not crusty and did not smile her.

Elsie Dunn had found it very hard to bear, and had felt very much as if she had been begging; and, after all, here she was, in danger of starvation, with nothing to give the rapacious old woman with whom she boarded, and with a constant pressure being turned into the street that night. She had suffered before, but she had never been in such a desperate case.

The day had waned. A blessed relief from the great heat came with the shadows and the breeze of evening, and Elsie had said nothing. She had been gravely afraid of impertinent men, and sharp, vicious women; of hired girls, who grinned and slammed the doors in her face. But she served herself for one last effort, and walked up to an office door that was open.

Only one gentleman was there, and he, with a cigar in his mouth, looked as though for experience; his hair was bluntly her, and as she spoke she wondered what his face was like. The half-fledged youth of Brandleborder had been not pleasant to look upon in their impertinence. She dreaded to see a countenance of leering with an expression like that of an insolent youth, and a voice that could make, "No, Miss," an insult.

But as the figure turned she saw a man of thirty, not handsome, but with features that were manly and badly formed, with a little ragged, but a face with that softened in kindly gray eye, and a mouth ten thousand pretty he spoke. And a voice—a musical voice—that was music to her ears.

The man was of ill aid, that though he saw she was a poor woman, seeking her living, there was no one can forgive in women—he allowed her or he might a lady in his own position, and even took the books and looked at them, and then a smile curled his lip, and he looked as though he were a good man's love.

"Do you sell many of these?" he asked.

And she who had all the week promised to every maiden who was an entrepreneur glance at her wares, that "they would be very popular, and were excellent and necessary works," somehow never thought of answering anything but the truth, and said:

"I have not taken one order yet."

And then, standing in the doorway, with the setting sun upon them, he questioned her gravely and keenly, and heard the truth.

"I don't like to discourage you," he said; "but these people have done very wrong. You had better return to your friends at once. You will only live,—you look nothing, if you will not tell you these are absurdities."

"I have no friends that themselves," said Elsie; "but they declared that that was the good plan of popularity."

"They mislead," said the gentleman. "You be very angry, anything may have some one to it. I advise you again to abandon the enterprise and return to your friends. Pardon me, a lady must find it is best disagreeable."

And all of the hot day Elsie had been a beggar, neither did she tell him that she had to go back to that city, and in her anxiety to make a plaint story of her own unemployment to touches in the heart of the gentle man, contrive to permit the gentleman to lay out of the door.

"I have no friends," she said, though she felt it was only in kindness he asked; and though she was more destitute than ever, felt the independence of the friendly spirit to which he had once been a stranger.

"I am a widow," he said, "and though the up the blue-edged tea-plates, with her white, slim skeleton fingers, and the man with the badly cracked spoon cut round her work, and the woman with the cross face, as she will see in many and many a New-England creature, with a face like a dried apple, and cheap gold rings, and clear bright eyes, and cheap needle, pen or piano to open edged dollies, and cheap handkerchief, and cheap useful, loverie girl, out after the struggle, and the woman who has to look after the house.

"I have two children. I had three dollars of my own, father," said Hetty, flicking the drops from her fingers and looking at the old man proudly, "and Mr. Derr, once more unfolding his newspaper, and looking at the fire, "I am thankful I handed no longer but went out into the twilight evening, and was lost.

"Father, you've cut bad," said a plump, spectacled little dame, who was dawning stocking in the wide, old-fashioned window-seat; "Hetty's young one was sick, and she does not have to send chance with the other young fellas. Do give her the three dollars, if she wants 'em so bad."

"Is he?"

"It's but a lottery ticket!"

"It isn't a lottery, Mr. Derr—it's a raffle!"

"It's the same no different. I'll like to know it—"

"Well, one is—one is stated, you know, and the other isn't! I don't see why our Hetty shouldn't have a chance, raffling, or it will, said, as well as Minnie Dunker or Ellen Hoyt. Hetty's young one is sick and helpful all the spring, and I really think she deserves the three dollars."

"Wife," said Mr. Derr, dryly, and with a curious smile on his lips, "shall the three dollars would find the sick young one? And, then, what such goose as to want to buy tickets for a raffle."

"Mr. Derr, you're

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. X.

SUCCESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH CUMMINGS, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The number of eminent men in any age is very small. Of all who lived before the flood, only a few names are mentioned in sacred history. Historians who present the records of thousands of years, find, out of hundreds of millions, only a few men who can be individually recognized, to whom the direction of the interests of society can be ascribed, and whose deeds are deemed worthy of being described and perpetuated. It is probable that when a thousand years shall have passed, the historian will find in our age no larger proportion of distinguished men. Not much larger is the number of really successful men than of those who stand prominent above the mass.

The desire of distinction is one of the original principles of our nature. It is one of the powerful motives given to overcome human inertia, and bring into full action all the powers of the soul. It is closely connected with the love of power, that derives its chief gratification from the consciousness of superiority in the direction of its exercise. In its right cultivation it leads to virtue. When we are virtuous and obedient to God, we have a pleasant consciousness of greatness. He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city, and he has a consciousness of greatness. He that yields to passion, appetite, or wrong motives, knows that he is degraded. He that sins against God is humiliated by the knowledge that he has wronged his own soul.

Of course it is not possible for all men to attain superiority. Yet in an important sense they may not be inferiors. Each may equally hold what is his, and gain all his powers will permit. Thus the desire of superiority manifesting itself under the desire of equal rights and impatience of inferiority, becomes one of the regulating forces of society, and one of the powerful springs of human action. The higher life is a race in which all run and all obtain a prize. Success, which all desire and should obtain, is not merely relative, but absolute, and he is successful who answers the end of his individual life, and makes the improvement of which he is capable.

It may be well to inquire why in this age so few are eminent and truly successful. The cause is not the want on the part of individuals of superior natural endowments; for it is commonly remarked that men of only moderate natural abilities rise to the highest positions of honor and usefulness. While eminent success must always be the prize of the few, and much that is absurd, like the maxim "all things are possible to him that wills," has been addressed to youth, as a stimulus to exertion; yet in a sober view of life, a high degree of success in the acquisition of knowledge, and in the attainment of positions of eminence, honor and usefulness, is within the reach of multitudes of young men who are now in obscurity.

The chief obstacles in the way of success are a false view of life, self-indulgence and indolence.

It is obviously very important that a young man commencing life should have some just views of his nature and destiny. He must rightly estimate the claims of the soul as well as the body, the future as well as the present.

The sum of each man's enjoyment, influence and usefulness, will depend on the right development and direction of all the powers of the soul. No man can rightly live unto himself. He is a member of society, bound to others by various ties, and bound by obligations he may violate, but he cannot destroy.

A low view of utility paralyzes the energies of many a mind. The importance of all plans, studies and pursuits, is tested by the gain in present results. Men become instruments for the acquisition of wealth or power. Such are the objects selfishness generally presents. A higher and nobler view represents man as an end to himself, and leads him to develop his powers to the greatest extent, so as to become the noblest man possible. All studies and plans are pursued with reference to this object. This end implies recognition of the law of our being, obedience to God and the cultivation of those social powers that lead us to labor for others' good, and seemingly to sacrifice our own interests, certainly to repress our desires. Human perfection requires the harmonious development of all man's powers. It requires that the appetites and passions that so often tyrannize over the soul shall be repressed, reduced to their proper porportion, but does not require their destruction, or that of any natural faculty. Human happiness depends on the right exercise of our faculties. Now, dropping for the present the religious view, and arguing from mere natural principles, man's highest self-interest is secured when he obeys the first two great commandments, that require him to love God supremely and his neighbor as himself. If a man violates this natural law, and indulges any propensity or appetite in excess, he not only mars the harmony and happiness of his being, considered generally, but he lessens the pleasure he might receive from this particular faculty. There may be an excitement and a momentary gratification higher than that which is natural and normal; but exhaustion and disgust succeed; the faculty is soon worn out by unnatural action, and the wonted exercise ceases to give pleasure, while the appetite and craving for gratification become stronger. The strongest appetite or passion kept within the bounds God's law has prescribed, yields higher pleasure than can otherwise be received from it. Restraint and self-denial are the natural law of our being.

The wrong views of life, together with the selfishness that leads young men to consider that their personal gratification is the highest object of pursuit, prepare the way for the sin and ruin of excessive indulgence of the lower propensities of our nature. He who is indifferent to the welfare of others becomes careless of the future, and soon ceases to feel that spiritual interests are supreme.

It is one of the evils of city life that it presents so many temptations to the indulgence of the depraved tendencies of our nature, and so many snares are spread for the feet of the unwary. Placed in such circumstances are thousands of young men without the restraints of parental authority and the strong influences that come from a home of purity and affection, whose future we cannot but tremble to contemplate.

When any young man abandons himself to sensual indulgence; when his appetites, instead of being trained to quicken, sharpen and intensify the activity of the intellect, are left to take their own way, then sentiment decays, self-respect is lost, love of honor dies, and success becomes impossible.

It is mournful to contemplate the thousands who sacrifice the soul's present and eternal interests to appetite; and if they are not led through crime to a death of shame, yet they live useless lives and die in obscurity. If a young man would succeed and honor the name he bears, he must regard self-indulgence as a deadly foe, and early learn the lessons of discipline and self-denial.

Of the obstacles to success we have mentioned, the least degrading but most common is indolence. There is a natural inertia in all men. Labor in itself can hardly be considered pleasant. Habit may lessen its disagreeableness and the influence of a noble motive may render us insensible to it, yet in itself labor is painful. It is far easier to rest in quietude and pass time in softness, self-indulgence and revery than to toil. In addition to the temptations that surround young men, is the difficulty that business so presses that it is only the fragments of time they can command for personal improvement. These pass almost imperceptibly away unless there is the most systematic arrangement and a determined purpose for their use. Indolence is the unrecognized foe that deprives of success many who for awhile labored hard for improvement and advancement. In perhaps a majority of cases earnest and persistent efforts for knowledge cease with the close of the period of study preparatory to the vocation that has been selected. In business and in a professional life men in most cases fall into routine and become accustomed to sameness in forms and acts that require no intense study, no severe mental effort and bring no source of responsibility. In most cases mental power becomes weakness, scholarship declines, the soul stagnates, and in middle life men have less valuable and accurate knowledge than in youth. Every man should seek to be in a position that will in some way daily call forth his utmost energies. He should constantly seek new truth.

Everywhere in society will be found professional men in good general health whose influence has to a great extent ceased. Their natural powers, if rightly exercised, would place them in the first rank, yet they have failed to keep pace with the age and are crowded out of positions of power by younger and more industrious men. It is painful to see them, unconscious of their own fault, bewailing the degeneracy of the age and the worldliness and wickedness that disregard their counsels.

A decline of mental power with old age is in most cases unnecessary; from old men wisdom should be with confidence expected. Did they continually exert their powers and seek new truth and strive after a higher development, wisdom and influence would increase with years, till physical feebleness should suspend earnest mental effort.

No previous age has been so favorable for success as the present. In past time the great difficulty with the many was to obtain the means and instruments of culture and knowledge. The few who possessed them gained pre-eminence and power in society with little personal effort. The abundance of privileges is one reason of the present equality that prevails. But their means of improvement which most men feebly use give to an earnest mind a sure means for success. Not all young men can attend expensive schools, yet books are abundant, and lectures and libraries are common. More is to be feared from abundance than a want of means for improvement.

Large libraries are chiefly useful to earnest and disciplined scholars; to most others they are of little use, and often are an injury, as they are perverted to cause mental weakness rather than success. It is easy to obtain loose, superficial, vague ideas on most subjects. Scholarship and intellectual power do not consist in facts and outside knowledge, but are the assimilation of knowledge into instruction, intelligence and active power.

He who wishes his influence to be felt and his authority to be respected, will select only important subjects and gain a mastery over them. He will have accuracy of knowledge, which is the first requisite for skill in its use. Such is the general vagueness of opinion and carelessness in inquiry, that clear views and accurate statements will always command respect and secure power.

Reading for amusement or excitement is not only a waste of time, but it weakens mental discipline, and destroys the power for earnest investigation.

Any young man of fair natural abilities can gain the power of which we speak if he will toil long and hard, and submit to the self-denial of a virtuous life.

The opportunities for honorable and useful employment are abundant. It is an age distinguished for multiplied schemes of benevolence, but there is a great call for men who will make the sacrifice and give the time requisite to carry them out.

Let any young man who desires to be useful in the highest sense go into any community willing to know the true greatness that comes from self-forgetfulness and the serving of others, and it will not be long before he will attract attention and receive evidence of respect. He may not gain wealth, but he will secure affection. He will have the approval of a good conscience; and, what is more to be prized, the favor and blessing of God.

Let any young man set before him a high standard of moral excellence and strive for it with persistent earnestness, and he will not live in obscurity or pine in neglect. He will live an honored and a useful life; the good will weep when he dies; and, at the last great day, Christ will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, —enter into thy reward!"

The Original Down-Easters.—Progress in China.

It seems but yesterday that China was "opened to civilization," and yet she is already making a "forward movement" that does her honor. The Pekin *Gazette*, a paper supposed to have been started shortly after the Deluge, proposes that the Chinese shall put themselves under the tuition of scientific outside barbarians, in order to learn the art of building steamships, etc., lest "an insignificant state like Japan" should get the start of the Central Flowery Kingdom. It assures Young China that there is nothing disgraceful in such pupilage, and candidly admits that, although Chinamen are the salt of the earth and the wisest of mankind, they are a little behind the age in practical science. The editor explains this paradox ingeniously. He argues, in effect, that the East has forgotten more than the West ever knew, and now only seeks to refresh its memory from the stores of wisdom which it imparted long ago to Europe. Having lent so much to the rest of the world, it simply asks a return in kind; and, on receiving the same, will consider the account balanced. We hope the settlement will be speedily made.

FRANCIS JOSEPH TALMA.

BY JAMES PARTON.

In the distribution of talents nature is no respector of persons or ranks. Talma, the greatest of French tragedians, born in 1763, was the son of a servant, who, however, being a man of intelligence and enterprize, changed his calling to that of dentist, in which he became somewhat eminent. The boy, therefore, was educated in a Paris boarding-school, and attended for some years one of the principal colleges of that city. While he was pursuing his studies, his father removed to London, where he established himself as a dentist. Being in want of assistance in his growing business, he sent for his son, who, while aiding his father in dentistry, went through a regular course of surgical instruction in one of the London hospitals. He became a skilful and accomplished dentist, and practiced that profession for several years.

Some of his young French friends in London formed a club for the purpose of giving private dramatic performances at the houses of their parents, and young Talma was invited to join it.

His remarkable talents for the drama were immediately apparent, and the performances of the society were so excellent as to attract the attention of several members of the English aristocracy. Lord Harcourt, in particular, was so much struck with Talma's abilities that he urged his father vehemently to permit him to appear at Drury Lane. The father, however, would not consent, and to divert his son's attention from theatrical pursuits, sent him back to Paris, where again he practiced dentistry in the establishment of one of his uncles.

But a taste for the drama once kindled is not easily extinguished, and Talma at length entered as a pupil the school for actors, some years before established in Paris. In his twenty-fourth year he made his appearance in a secondary character of Voltaire's tragedy of Mahomet. His success was considerable, but very far from triumphant. The audience thought him cold and formal, which proceeded from his aversion to the extravagance and fury to which Parisians were then accustomed. Two years, therefore, passed before he was regularly admitted a member of the company, and then only to play third parts. Like every other great actor of whom we have any knowledge, he served a long and painful apprenticeship, and, like every other great actor, he labored incessantly and reflected continually upon the inferior parts which alone were entrusted to him.

At that day no attempt was made by actors at correct theatrical costume. Garrick, I believe, used to play Macbeth in a dress resembling that of an English brigadier-general, and Othello used to be presented wearing a pig-tail. Talma, shocked at these incongruities, being cast to play the part of a Roman Tribune, appeared in the green-room attired in the toga and the other garments proper to the character.

One of his comrades, seeing him enter in this unusual dress, cried out:

"Look at Talma! how ridiculous he has made himself! He looks exactly like an ancient statue!"

These satirical remarks Talma had the good sense to accept as the strongest possible confession of the propriety of the change. The audience neither applauded nor censured the innovation; and the only effect it had was to fix their attention the more upon the simplicity and correctness of his performance. From that time, however, all the costumes of Talma were of the most rigorous correctness, and he made an exclusive study of [illegible] for the purpose of securing it.

An accident at length revealed his talents in all their splendor to the Parisians. At that period the author of a new play had some control over the distribution of the parts among the actors. Some of his comrades objecting to the characters assigned them in the new tragedy of Charles the Ninth, a furious quarrel arose between them and the author, and he, in a moment of passion, gave the leading part in the play to Talma. His success was overwhelming; the audience cheered him to the echo; and from that night he was acknowledged the first actor of his country. His success had the effect of embittering some of his comrades against him, and the quarrel terminated in a duel between Talma and one of the malcontents, and the withdrawal of Talma from the company.

He attributed his success as an actor, in a great degree, to the effect of the French revolution in dissolving the spell of tradition, and opening the minds of all to new ideas and better methods.

"It was," he says, in one of his letters, "from conversation with the first leaders of the revolution that I obtained new light and began the regeneration of my art. I no longer exerted myself to show upon the stage a mannikin mounted upon stilts, but a real Roman, a *human* Cæsar, conversing upon the affairs of the city as a man would speak of his own business; for surely the affairs of Rome *were* Cæsar's business."

It was observed of him that he ceaselessly strove after a more natural and simple mode of expressing passion, and to avoid everything which savored of the illegitimate and melo-dramatic.

He did not escape the usual consequences of a brilliant success. He had his enemies and his detractors; nor was he by any means a man to conciliate either by a submissive line of conduct. After the revolutionary ferment was over, he was accused of being the intimate associate of the bloodiest tyrants of the Robespierrean period, which was false, and one of his friends published in the newspapers a letter written by Talma during the reign of terror, testifying the utmost abhorrence of those monsters. Nevertheless, his performance was violently interrupted one evening by a portion of the audience, who loudly denounced him for complicity with the murderers of his fellow-citizens. He came forward to the footlights, and, raising his voice above the tumult, cried:

"Citizens, all my friends of the revolution died upon the scaffold!"

These words appeased the tumult; but the audience was not quite content until he joined the company in singing a song, very popular at the moment, which expressed the reaction against the recent revolutionary violence.

During the reign of Napoleon, Talma was in the highest favor with the Emperor. Their acquaintance dated back to the time when Napoleon was a lieutenant; and when the conqueror of Italy had seized the supreme power, he renewed his friendship with the great actor, often invited him to the palace, loved to hear him declaim, and to converse with him upon the principles of his difficult and beautiful art. Talma, however, remarks that he never met the Emperor upon the old footing.

"Napoleon," said he, "always showed me much kindness, because I always knew how to regulate my conduct in accordance with his new fortune. I could not regard as my equal the first magistrate of the republic and the emperor of France, nor talk with him as I used to do with the lieutenant of artillery."

Talma did not always bear his honors meekly, still less did he always submit patiently to criticism. Studying his art diligently and deeply, he was continually modifying his manner and reducing the tone of the stage toward that of ordinary life. Some of the critics attributed this to the decline of his talent, and reminded the public with needless frequency that the great Talma was no longer the actor he had been. On one occasion he so far forgot himself as to make a violent attack upon one of his critics, who thus reports the scene:

"I was seated in one of the small boxes at the side of the parquette, when, all at once, the door opened, and a man rushed in, with fury in his countenance and madness in his eyes."

"'You are the man I want,' said he to me, seizing my hand with more than the fervor of a friend. '*I want you; come out!*'

"There was a great movement in the theatre, and every body rose to his feet. Talma continued to assail me with the heavy artillery of threats and insults, until some people of good sense got hold of him and took him out of the sight of the curious spectators, to whom he had given a scene of fury much better suited to the stage than to the boxes."

It must be confessed that the remarks of this critic had been exceedingly exasperating. "His voice," he said, "sounded as though it came from the depths of a cavern, and he was so filled with a sense of his own importance that he surrounded himself with the poorest actors in order to shine alone upon the scene." Talma was far from being the ill-tempered man which one might infer he was from his violence on the occasion just related. In private life, it is said, he was the gayest and happiest of men, and he played comic parts with the exuberant fun and spirit which he usually displayed in the society of his friends.

He was twice married. At twenty-eight, he married a woman several years older than himself. This marriage ended in a divorce, soon after which he married a distinguished actress, from whom he was only separated by death.

Actors at that day were not so bountifully compensated as they are at present. Under Napoleon, Talma received a salary of thirty thousand francs per annum, to which he could occasionally add a few thousands more by playing in the provinces or in London during his vacation.

His income, therefore, did not average more than ten thousand dollars a year,—a sum which many recent actors have gained in a single month. He was one of the most careless and extravagant of men in the expenditure of money. Perhaps, however, I ought not to say careless, for he seems to have tried to keep correct accounts of his expenses. One of his biographers says of him:

"Early in life he contracted the habit of spending freely, and he thought he managed his affairs very well because he put down every day in a book the new debts which he contracted, though he never carried it so far as to pay a single sou of them unless he was compelled."

He had also a most expensive mania, enough of itself to ruin any man, even if he has at command the revenues of a kingdom. It was what the French call "the mania of having workmen," and he had it to the supreme degree. He was one of those people who are never satisfied with their houses, but must be always adding a new wing or a new tower, or rebuilding it altogether, and making expensive alterations of the grounds. Louis the Fourteenth spent seventy millions of his subjects' francs in this amusement; and Talma, besides expending his own income, lavished also a large portion of the spare cash of his confiding friends.

In the course of his theatrical career, he created or re-created seventy-one characters. Some of his greatest successes were Shakspearean: he played Coriolanus, Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, Cardinal Wolsey, and Brutus in a manner which extorted praise from the English themselves. Barry Cornwall relates that Edmund Kean saw in Talma the only actor of his [illegible] challenged his own supremacy. He was so much struck with Talma's performance in Paris that he would not stay to the end of the tragedy, but abruptly left the theatre and returned to England.

Talma continued to act until within four months of his death. He appeared for the last time in June, 1826, and died in October of the same year, aged fifty-nine years. An immense crowd followed his remains to the tomb, over which an eloquent eulogium was pronounced, and which is now marked by a beautiful and costly monument. He was a man of medium stature, strongly built, with a wonderfully expressive countenance, and a voice capable of expressing the wildest passion and the tenderest sympathy. As an actor, he adorned and dignified the stage; as a man, he had his full share of the faults and foibles of the race.

Archbishop Hughes on Temporal and Spiritual Allegiance.—An Interesting Letter.

The following interesting, and hitherto unpublished letter, from the pen of the late eminent Catholic prelate, Archbishop HUGHES, was written during the height of the Know-Nothing excitement among political parties which prevailed a dozen years ago. It was addressed to an Editor in Amenia, Dutchess County, who was holding a political oral discussion at the time with a clergyman of that village.

As a terse, explicit and pointed statement, it is not only characteristic of the author, but has, we think, a separate interest as a clear definition, by the highest American Catholic authority, of Catholic citizenship.

We print it from the autograph copy:

NEW YORK, Dec. 28th, 1855.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your note of yesterday, I take the liberty of saying that no Catholic, out of the Pope's temporal dominion, usually called the "States of the Church," owes or acknowledges any civil or political supremacy in the Pope;—that every Catholic owes to the government of the country of which he is a citizen or a subject the same civil and political allegiance which he would owe to the Pope as head of the State if he lived within the Papal dominions. The allegiance which Catholics owe to the Sovereign Pontiff is exclusively of the spiritual order,—that which they owe to the government under which they live is of the temporal or social or civil order. Their allegiance in both cases is supreme, each belonging to a sphere which is distinct and separate from the other.

With regard to the sanctity of an oath taken by Catholics, history has already answered your inquiry. Nothing but the sanctity of an oath has stood in the way of the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland for the last 300 years. If they could have sworn to a falsehood they would have escaped the confiscation of their property and all the horrors of penal legislation throughout the British Empire.

The spiritual authority of the Church has no power to authorize an immoral act,—on the contrary, it sanctions all that is moral and loyal in the intercourse of men with each other.

I remain, very respectfully,

Your obedt. servant,

† JOHN, Abp. of N. York.

JOEL BENTON, Esq.

—As that eccentric man, the Rev. Mr. McChesney, of Saratoga, (whom the papers wrongfully accuse us of using in an ingenious way to advertise the *Ledger*) has "backed down," by endeavoring to shift the responsibility of the libellous remark about the *Ledger* from his own shoulders to those of a poor newsman,—and as he claims that the Saratoga paper reported his remarks incorrectly; and as he declares that he shall request that paper to be more careful hereafter in reporting what he may say; we are disposed—or rather, we were disposed, to let him up; but he has published a card in which, while he backs down on the main point, he appears to be as malignant as ever. Now what shall we, as good Christians, do with such a miserable, persistent, unrepentant, vacillating sinner! It is a sad spectacle to see a man thus bent on his own eternal destruction—when that priceless gem, an immortal soul, is at stake—for he will surely perish unless he repent. We would fain make a better man and a good Christian of him, (irrespective of the advertisement,)—but our labors, we fear, will be in vain; still, we are assured that while there is life there is hope. Therefore, we hope, even against hope. *Amoto quæramus seria ludo.*

"Bleeding, Blistering and Mercury."—An M. D. in Reply to Mr. Parton.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., June 20, 1867.

ROBT. BONNER, ESQ.—*Sir:* The issue of your paper dated June 29th, contains a short biographical sketch of the founder of Homeopathy, from the pen of James Parton, which challenges criticism. It reads very much like an *ex parte* statement in favor of this system of medicine. Hannehman—or "Hahnneman," as Mr. Parton spells it, (query—which is correct?)—is lauded for his "vehemence, sincerity and perseverance," and for having delivered the sick from "bleeding, blistering and mercury," which he assumes to be "pernicious remedies" which "killed more people than they cured."

These are grave assumptions. They arraign the practitioners of the regular system of medicine, which Mr. Parton is pleased to call "allopathy," on very serious charges. Bleeding, blistering and mercury are in every-day use in ordinary practice. I venture to assert, in contradiction to Mr. Parton, that they are often potent in *saving life*, and never induce a fatal or even injurious result, when prescribed by a physician who understands his business. During thirty years experience in the management of the sick, I have yet to meet with the first instance where death resulted from the use, or even *abuse*, of these remedies, either singly or in combination. On the other hand, I have a strong conviction that I have seen very many dangerous cases yield to these remedies, which otherwise would have proved fatal. Nay more, I believe I have repeatedly seen fatal results ensue, in violent inflammations, because of the patient's, or the patient's friends', prejudice against the use of the lancet.

Mr. Parton lauds Hannehman for his discovery of the fact that specifics for the cure of certain diseases, if taken by persons in health, *induce the same diseases*. He claims that Hannehman, by experiments on his own person, found that quinine, when taken in health, would produce *intermittent fever*—for the cure of which it is a well-known specific.

I join issue with your distinguished contributor and assert positively, that Hannehman *made no such discovery*, for the simple reason that quinine, when taken by a person in health, or out of health, *produces no such effects*. If the hackneyed maxim of the founder of homeopathy, "*similia, similibus curantur*," has no better foundation than this baseless assumption, it may be well regarded as a chimera.

I would also respectfully suggest that Mr. Parton misapplies the word "*Allopathy*." This term has a signification the converse of *Homeopathy*, but it has no application whatever to the teachings or practice of regular medicine. The latter has no "one-idea" to subserve. It appropriates all manner of remedies for the cure of disease which are commended by experience or common sense, whether they produce *like* or *unlike* symptoms, or whether they are to be administered in large or small doses. It is a common error to characterize the practitioners of legitimate medicine as "Allopathists."

I am confident you do not desire your widely-circulated journal to do intentional injustice to the members of the regular medical profession by disseminating erroneous or partizan statements, such as I have alluded to above. For this reason I have taken the liberty to point out in Mr. Parton's contribution what many of your readers may well consider exceptional inadvertencies.

The equivocal compliment which Mr. Parton pays to Homeopathy when he says that "a Homeopathic dose of medicine *is the nearest thing to no medicine at all*," is true as regards the theories of Hannehman, but does not apply (unfortunately) to the modern practice of the system. The *semblance* of the infinitessimal system is maintained in the size of the dose, but its minuteness is compensated for by the potency of the agent. Deadly night-shade, prussic acid, strychnine, arsenic, &c., are medicaments that cannot well be administered in other than infinitessimally small doses.

Respectfully,

M. H.

A Boy's Opinion of "Norwood."

SEASIDE, June 24th, 1867.

DEAR MR. BONNER:—Under my window, a night or two since, the following conversation took place between two young gentlemen of seven and eight summers. It may amuse your readers as it did the writer, and I doubt not the learned [illegible] will enjoy the enthusiasm of his young admirer.

"Come, Will., come into the house. Mamma's going to read [illegible]."

"I [illegible] to; I don't like reading."

"[illegible] will like *this*; it's Norwood, Mr. Beecher's story, and it's jolly, I tell you! Tommy Taft is a funny fellow, and Pete, and Hiram, and Deacon Marble. Oh, but the Deacon he's a—a *brick!* Mamma reads aloud, and every one in the house comes in to hear her; we have such fun!"

"Is it a book?"

"Book! no, indeed; it's in the *Ledger*, and comes every week, and little Rose is a little girl; once they all went a fishing."

"Fishing!" says Will., becoming interested, (for Master Will. has a decided taste for a sport called by the Yankee boys, "Tom-codding,") "*then* I'll come."

In march the young friends; mamma retires from the window and receives them.

"Mamma, if you please, Will. wants to hear Norwood."

"Very well, young men, be seated. I will begin at once."

"But, mamma, Will. wants to know if it's a *good* story; just as though a minister would write a *bad* story, or the *Ledger* man would print it, if he did. I call it, *real jolly;* don't you, mamma?"

Mamma assents, although she has but a dim perception of the meaning intended in that expressive term, "*real jolly*."

"Stories for children," to-night. We read "Anxious Leaf"—four eyes are very bright. We pause—a chorus of voices cry, "Do not stop." We proceed—four cheeks look very rosy, four feet are very still, and four fat, sun-burnt hands are tightly folded; the end comes, and with it, "Is that all?" "I wish we had more." "It is better than play." "I shall ask Pa to take the *Ledger* for me," says Will.; and amid the chattering was heard the nine o'clock bell, reminding the youthful admirers of "Norwood" that bed-time had been quite forgotten.

As they parted with a kind good night, mamma said to an adult listener:

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

KITTY CLIFFORD.

[From the Meriden, (Conn.) Literary Recorder.]

Beecher and Bonner.

Enough of Henry Ward Beecher's novel of "Norwood" has now been published to afford an idea of the work. It is called "a novel;" but that doesn't make it so, any more than calling the calf's tail a leg made it a leg. It is a thread of story thick-strung with all manner of live thoughts about nature, man, and God, and more particulary about New-England life, and character, and manners, in a Connecticut-river-valley farming town. When it is complete, the reader will know what Mr. Beecher thinks of his native New England and the New Englanders. That picture, a broad and strong one, will constitute the directest significance, and the real literary significance, of the book. And the reader—if he is wise enough to pick it out—will also know what Mr. Beecher thinks about pretty much every thing else. But whatever "Norwood" is called, it is a large, fresh, healthy, genial, human, humane, humorous, kindly, affectionate, profound, earnest, nourishing book. It refreshes like sitting in cool woods in summer-time. Every little while there is a striking thought; every little while, a comical conceit. The writer's sensibility to nature and to humanity is wonderful; and the clear accuracy, and singular and very sharp characteristic details with which he paints, are startling enough. Mr. Bonner's shrewdness in perceiving "a novel" inside of Mr. Beecher before the latter knew it himself, is quite as remarkable as anything in the story; and so is the good sense which he has shown in forestalling any possible notions about the peculiarities of Mr. Beecher, by parading in line with him a cohort of college presidents, with every man a D.D. or an LL.D., or both, marching after his name, taken from all sorts of denominations,—all discussing weighty topics with abundant wisdom and practical experience too. Mr. Bonner has three things left to do: first, to print a novel, by the President of the United States for the time being, along with a series of leading articles by the Governors of the States; second, to print a novel, by General Grant, with leading articles by the Commanders of Departments; and third, to print a novel, by the Pope of Rome, with leading articles by the Crowned Heads of Europe. What he would do after that, the Lord only knows! But he would be sure to do something still more enterprising.

—The Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin* states that the clergy of that vicinity take great interest in Mr. Beecher's story. It publishes a communication from one of them who advances the opinion that "there is but one man in America who could write the eighteen chapters that have already appeared."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A WREATH OF ROSES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Tell me, sweet roses, white and red,
Who wove this garland for my head,
And what the hidden emblem said.

To radiant wreath and bright bouquet,
Each rose that blooms I bring to-day,
And list thy choice, fair maid, they say,
And whisper words of love to me.

Tell me, sweet roses, tell me, pray!

The white rose bowed her pallid brow,
And from her mouth of fragrant snow,
In accents soft and sweet and low,
In melodies of lucid sense,
My sister rose, whose charms outvie
The coral of beauty, on the bank
Issued from her leaves to hear the thrush,
While from my hair has turned to dust.

She is a blossom form passed by,
With ruddy lip and starry eye,
And step as light as winds that stir,
And when she hears the heart's appeal
Soon rises white and red were there,
Her cheeks with blushes all aglow,
She trembled there with her joy to see,
And with her hands as white as snow,

My sister rose was emptied away;
I wept in vow-songs on the spray;
Still I rest in this bouquet.

The rose that sat was pressed to mine,
And now my sister rose must toil,
Give up some love, and what hold
Of her own dreams, while woman's gold
Illumined as like a thought divine.*

A deeper crimson tinged the rose,
Her birds expanded into bloom,
Her heart was filled with love,
The timid bridegroom stood with fear,
The sweet germinates blooming rest,
In the verbena inserted its head,
Written for it for a love's blade,
And flowers of every hue and hue.*

Then said the rose with blushing cheeks,
"Flowers are soft words, that woman speaks,
And as the garden fair she seeks,
The language of her heart she,
The starry blossoms of the skies,
Are emblems of the love she thinks,
Exhibit a heart or of love the sign.
A sweetheart and a home win."

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "VIVIA'S SECRET," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXVI.

WAITING AND SERVED.

Slowly, silently, still, scattered—
Leaves on the autumn trees,
Not one wind, but all winds loose
Blow to chase him hitherward or parted.
Leaves on the autumn trees.

—Owen Meredith.

Sir overshadowed with the gloom of deep sorrow, Lyon Lord sat there entered their private parlor at dusk.

He had thrown his favorite sofa occupied by a group of visitors.

Mrs. Lyon Lyon had time to recognize or welcome them, in the midst of her own absorbing grief, and a cheery voice roused in his ear:

"Well, old fellow! what? We have been waiting for you these two hours."

Colonel Somerville extended General Lyon, in unaffected surprise and delight.

"Ah, Colonel, is it you? I am glad to see you, indeed!"

"Yes, and I am just as unbearable with suffering as ever I was before."

"Come, then," said the general, rising and accommodating his visitor in his own apartment.

Half an hour afterwards, all the friends assembled in the parlor, where the call was late for dinner.

At half past five it was served. It consisted of a boiled turkey, with shrimp sauce; greenturtle soup; roasted young chicken and green peas; pigeon-pasty; cauliflowers, asparagus, pea-ball and, in short, the choice vegetables of the month; and, for dessert, delicate whipped creams, jellies, and ices, and candied fruits, preserves; and port, and sherry, and champagne and mineral waters.

The "fellow in the necktcich and napkin," as the colonel described the waiter, owing how well those visitors were received by General Lyon and family, did his duties up to the life sake of the morning by the most obsequious attentions, all of which the general's cordial welcome received in excellent part.

Old Seymour was there, with a keen appetite and a strong digestion. He had always enjoyed his former fare dearer than what he had, and grew, wasted down with native whisky, and now he enjoyed the best and relished it.

After coffee was served, they came from the table, and the service was removed.

"I suppose, my dear," said he, as each thing was put in the form of your sweet smile to be hoped for this evening, that you have not forgotten to look his seat in a rocking chair.

"Why not, Colonel Somerville?" smiled Dru-

"Oh, to be sure, I see a place in the room; but of course it is locked up in a parlor, where the absurd thing's fair trial," said Drusilla, wishing she did not have to one of the finest instruments of the most celebrated manufacturer in London.

She extended in her best style some of Colonel Seymour's favorite pieces, and the old colonel, as usual, listened, entranced.

"Why, that is one of the best tones piano I ever heard in my life—quite as good as your own, Mr. Seymour, and that's the highest praise I can give," said the old man in surprise. "But what amazes me is that I should be in such good time. I never could abide either school pieces or hotel pianos in my life before."

"This is brilliant," answered Drusilla, laughing. "We hired this piano from a celebrated manufacturer in London.

"Ah, that accounts for it!" said the colonel. "Now, my dear, begin again! Consider, I haven't heard the sound of my native land or a song for a month before to-night!"

"And that is just the reason why he crossed the ocean, Drusilla, my dear, and nothing else in life!" said Mrs. Seymour. "He may talk about showing Nancy the old world and Ingersoll, and the Hall and class, but it is not true. It was the love of your music that lured him all the way from America, just the same as Ingersoll's his name did the spirits out of Whit-do-you-call-'em."

Drusilla smiled on the old lady and recommenced her pleasant task, and continued and sang for the old gentleman during the remainder of the evening.

At eleven o'clock the visitors arose to take their leave, but of course did not do it immediately—they stood and talked for half an hour longer. And, in that standing conference, it was arranged that General Lyon should see Mrs. Seymour and suitable apartments at the Morley House for the Seymours; and, if none should now be found, that he should bespeak in advance the first that should be disengaged.

It was further agreed that the five parties of friends should join company in all sight-seeing excursions, and that they should always lunch and dine together.

And here began a friendly quarrel, each old friend contending upon being the permanent host of the other, and, finally the dispute resulted in an amicable arrangement that General Lyon and Colonel Somerville should be the host on alternate days.

Then indeed the Seymours took leave and departed.

And the Lyons went to rest.

Drusilla entered her own bedchamber. Little Lenny was asleep in his crib. Pina was nodding in her seat.

Drusilla had neither the will nor the power to dismiss the drowsy hireling in her reading-chair, and gave her mind up to thought. She was glad that the evening was over. She was glad that her father had enjoyed it. She was glad that he had secured a home for her sick mother and her infant. She was glad that the old friends had met and been kept on amongst them

Elliotchtons! Do you know it? Do I? Does he know? He calls himself so; but that don't prove he is so. The newspapers affirm it; but that don't prove it! The world accepts him as such; but that don't prove either—not to me who have always known him only as Mr. Lyon, and haven't examined the evidences that he is anybody else. Similarly we have known you only as Mrs. Lyon, and shall take you with us everywhere and introduce you as such; at least until Alice himself assures us you are his wife."

"Thank you, dear uncle. Again your decision has given me pleasure as well as peace. I did wish to go everywhere with you as Mrs. Lyon; but I was resolved to go only as Mrs. Lyon, though I was afraid that by doing so I should appear under false colors. But your clear and wise exposition has set all my anxieties at rest. I am glad you still wish me to go into company," said Drusilla, earnestly.

"My dear, I have a motive for wishing you to go. Drusilla, my child, you and I may search candle in each other?"

"As die deceit! father and child, dear uncle, yes."

"Then, Drusa, my darling, in these two years that you have been with us, I have studied you to some purpose. I see you were right in saying you child, but I know that you are not quite happy. Something is wanting, and of course I see what it is it—it is Alexander, since you still love him with unchanging constancy."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," breathed Drusilla, in a very low tone.

"I know you do. Well, as you love Alick, so he needs you, whether he knows it or not. You are the angel of his life, and the only power under Heaven that can save him. I believe so, dear under well I have known him from his infancy, and of course I know all his strong and all the weak points in his character."

This unlooked for eyes to the old man's face with a depressing and puzzling expression.

"Now nothing, my child; I am not going to show him, at least not to you; in saying that in his two weak points I say no more of him than I might say of myself or any other man. But it is through their weakness men are saved as well as through their strength. Listen to me, my dear Drusilla."

"I am listening, sir."

"Well, then, Alick's chief weakness is that he can only admire through the eyes of the world for which he has always had the greatest veneration."

"Do you think so, sir? Ah, surely he was not reconciled to the world's opinion when he married me, his housekeeper's daughter," interrupted Drusilla.

"No; passion, if he is capable of feeling it at all, makes even a worldly man forget the world sometimes. And, pardon me, my dear Drusilla, if I say that he married you for your personal attractions, for your perfect beauty and brilliant intellect—and that in your nature which is more than beauty and brighter than genius, and better and lovelier than both, he knew and knows not all; he has not yet been of them."

Drusilla, looking deeply troubled this probe which was but just tricked, kept her eyes fixed upon the floor. General Lyon continued:

"Yes, my dear, he is worldly—he worships the world and bow through the eyes of the world. What was it that blinded him to your sweet, generous virtues and tempted him to injure you? It was the brilliant social success of Adela—Adela, for whom he raised such a cry, and whom he had really pined for your sake; but with whom he evidently fancied that the love as soon as he found her out to be both of the coarser, the grosser fashion, and of the ephemeral rubbish."

Drusilla sighed, but made no answer.

"He has got over all that nonsense, believe me. He regards Adela now, perhaps, with much as he did when he pitied her for you and before her splendid season in Washington had so dazzled and maddened him. He has gotten over that nonsense; but not over his worship of men that tell him into it; for that is a part of his nature. And now, Drusa, I will tell you why I wish to introduce you into the most fashionable society here."

Drusilla looked up with eager attention.

"Because in society here you are sure to eclipse Anna and every other beauty of her type."

"Oh, uncle!"

"My dear, I am speaking fact, not flattery. Anna is beautiful; we will grant that; but she is of that large, fair, style so rarely in our country that it made her a belle there, but which is too common here to make her more than one of the pretty women of the season. On the contrary, your style, Drusilla, more common in Europe, is extremely rare here. You will be now. You will make such a sensation that I suppose Alick will see it, and he will discover his folly, if he never find out his love for you. Then, Drusa, I trust there is the old man's policy, worthy of a manoeuvering chaperon, in all this."

Drusilla knew not what to reply. For her uncle's last words had suggested a new phase of "policy." She longed—oh, how intensely!—for a reconciliation with her husband; but it was one thought by day, her one dream by night, her one aspiration in life! but she could not see it brought about by any sort of manoeuvering. Perhaps the general read her thoughts, for he said earnestly:

"If we you do not quite approve my plan, dear child. You would rather Alick's own better nature should bring him back to you, I dare say; but oh, my dear, who can appeal to that better nature so successfully as you? Besides, how can you ever appeal to it unless you have him to yourself? And how can you have him unless you attract him in the way I suggest? Let him see you appreciated by others, and he may learn to appreciate you himself. Let him seek you because others admire you, and then when you have him again, you may have been in love yourself, and you will know that here is love, and, bless me, you'll have sex all the more sense in its heels!"

Colonel Seymour and his family were cordial abroad in Mr. Rick. And there were cordial morning salutations and hand-shakings.

The carriages were waiting. Drusilla ran off to call Anna and to put on her own wrappings.

And in a few minutes the whole party started on their sight-seeing excursion.

The programme of the day was carried out. They went just to Westminster Abbey, and the two hours were spent in the beauties of several successive orders of architecture, in a few of the costliest chapels of the Confessor, and in contemplating the tomb of the Stuart kings, and the monuments of the great men of the nation.

They saw the splendid chapel of Henry the Seventh, with the beautiful tomb of that fierce prelude, conqueror of Richard the Third, and of the magnificent Tudor dynasty; and of his mock consort, Elizabeth of York, surrounded the dust of the Tudors are they saw, oh strange juxta-position! the tombs of beautiful Mary Stuart, and of her rival and destroyer, the ruthless Elizabeth Tudor; and the tombs of many other royal and noble celebrities besides.

And they examined many other chapels, filled with the monuments and memorials of kings and queens, knights and ladies, heroes and statesmen, poets and philosophers, who had adorned the history of the country and of its world, from the foundation of the Abbey to the present time.

At one o'clock, before they had inspected one-tenth part of the interesting features of this venerable edifice, they took leave of Westminster Abbey, promising themselves another and a longer visit, and they went to "Simonds'," to lunch.

At two o'clock they visited St. Paul's Cathedral.

Time and space would fail us here to give the slightest outline of the wonders of that most wonderful cathedral. The mere ascent of it, from the crypt on the ground, to the ball, in some degree, compared to the ascent of Mont Blanc, at least in toil and fatigue, if not in danger and distance. To give the most cursory description of the marvels of architecture, sculpture, paintings and decorations, would fill volumes and we could give but a few, and only or four hours spent there, our party returned to their hotel, utterly wearied, dazzled and distracted; and with only two images standing out prominently and unmagnificent in their minds—the monuments of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, the great sailor and the great soldier of England standing side by side in the crypt of the Cathedral.

"My dear," said the general, that evening over his cup of tea, "when we laid out plans for this week we had no idea of what we belong to do. We have given seven days without seeing into to little time. It is as wrong to see all in a week as to see nothing in a month. As for me I am suffering from a mental indigestion, and I would rather not attempt Windsor Castle, or any other stupendous place or thing, for the present. I have got over Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. So what do you say to devoting the remainder of the week to shopping? Is this week?"

Anna and Anna eagerly assented; for, in truth, they wanted some leisure for shopping and the remainder of the week was to be given to the minister's ball. And Dick was too polite to object.

So the next day, while the general and Dick were at their clubs, the ladies went shopping, and Drusilla drove to the West End, and purchased her dress and ornaments in Oxford-Regent, and Bond streets in search of something more unique than the shops of the city.

And never did the veriest young girl in her first season, and with her first ball dress in expectance than did poor Drusilla, who was the younger sister of the world, and who had buried her heart in the grave of her child and that her future happiness might depend upon the impression which her appearance on the night make there. For once in her troubled life, but for his sake only, and for a social triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PERRY LOCKWOOD'S MISTAKE.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Josephine Nore was the daughter of a former rich banker, who had died when she was a girl, and was only moderately well-to-do in the way of this world's goods. Her mother was a fine, clever of debt, and had a good supply of stock in her husband's bank, which, after the crash came, during, that was all; he had no extra money to leave his widow and daughter, and no relations, nor sister. Abby, who was five years older, was very good, modest, and unassuming, and though they could not play on the piano or talk French, they had improved advantages of a good little red school house a mile and a half from their home, and were well versed, considering their education, that all boarding school misses could not boast of.

Josephine was the beauty. Abby made no pretensions to that direction, and Josephine had decided that no Jenny would be sure to marry, and was determined that she would marry a rich person single, and stay at home with her father and mother.

Josey was indeed already engaged to be married to a young man, Perry Lockwood, of the same, lively fellow, named Perry Lockwood, and they were engaged to be married, and were looked to find.

Perry was tall, with a muscular frame, well developed. He had brown curly hair, a keen, dark eye, and could be described as very fine looking of the soil as he was.

Josephine was light and slender, with thick black hair, soft black eyes, and a small red mouth, which when she smiled, showed two even and white as pearls.

Josey was not quite as tall as she was pretty; but though Perry Lockwood was very much in love with her, he had no doubt that she was quite as quite a girl of her worth, for was he fully satisfied with the choice he had made of a wife.

Josephine, during a visit to the city had formed the acquaintance of a young lady who lived in the neighborhood of the city, and that time spending a few weeks in the vicinity of Josey's home.

Singularly enough, the two girls, so opposite in their natural attributes as one would suppose, conceived in the strongest friendship for each other, and were with each other, as the result of which Viola Ellis, the city friend, came to spend the remaining time summer to visit Josephine in the country.

Josephine was not without her misgivings as to how her friend would like the country, and even the meagre appointments of the farm-house with its unpretentious surroundings, but she was quite accustomed to. Even her uncle's house was nothing like a mansion far superior to Josey Norris. But Josephine was not a girl to give way to her misgivings, and she met her friend fully by put everything in the best shape she could, and to make her visit a success.

The rest of the family were not so eager for the visit of the city young lady.

Good Mrs. Nore saw endless fagging for herself, and Abby looked upon it with a little bit of summer," but wouldn't say anything to spoil her sister's pleasure, if she could.

Farmer Nore was of the opinion that "child had better have stayed at home instead of Josey's" but was just as well as mothers. As for Perry Lockwood, he had not a word to say "no," so she called it, to make the house enact for Viola Ellis. Viola, Ellis, Josey, and Perry a little impatient at her sister's extravagant ideas, but Josephine was not to be gainsaid, and she had her own way.

Josey More, if Viola Ellis. George is one-third as pretty and agreeable as you pretend she is to be," said Perry, laughingly, to Josephine, one day.

"Why not, pray?" asked Josephine, looking up from the work she was engaged upon, and smiling at the window.

"Because I suppose Perry Lockwood has got eyes as well as you! and don't you suppose that he can discriminate between a pretty girl and a pretty girl like, who, having none of her own, boast of the beauty of Richard Ellis's sister, and run away from you if she can?"

"I don't suppose so little for me that my one else could win him from me, he is welcome to go," she said, spitefully.

But a vague uneasiness stirred her heart till she saw Perry that evening. He fretted and grumbled terribly at the prospect, declared he knew he should never see Josey any himself after "that girl" came, and wished Viola Ellis George would stay where she was wanted. Josey forgot, in scolding and laughing at him, any slight slingering she might have had, and the day Viola was expected, she coaxed Perry to take her to the depot to meet her.

The two friends met with just such extravagant expressions of delight at seeing each other as such girls are apt to display, and Mr. Perry Lockwood was duly presented to Miss Viola Ellis. Perry looked at her as the tips of his ears, and feeling as though he was all fingers and toes; the seeking unnaturality, shattering like a magpie all the time, and keeping every dimple of her pretty, round face dancing with her merry laughing. She was just as pretty as Josey had said she was—round, rosy, dimpled, and exceedingly little white, never quiet an instant if she could help it, never without a word to say, and in plenty of funny ones; and keeping everybody about her laughing, from the sheer contagion of her extravagance spirits.

The farmer came in the barn and round the straw stacks; she chased the calves in the meadows; she learned to ride bareback on a mouse-like saddle, when no other was to be got; she went fishing and strawberry picking; she gave us making tea, and rode home on the load, with Farmer More's old straw hat on—and on her pretty head, and the farmer holding his elder sister quite in the shade. She was, in short, she proved what every body knows who has ever gifts to be—useful, and that exquisite is very apt to develop in these delicate creatures a decided practical turn.

In the house her exploits were equally successful. She learned to cook, and cooked well. The beds were very much in the style of Dutch Josey's, and she learned to make the unaccustomed amount of them in the morning, and to keep the parlor in order in her primitive state. The dairy was not to be entered by her, because Josephine is quite of all Mrs. More's efforts to show her how to churn, and make butter, and cheese no beer, but to make fudge, and she could make that delicious compound to perfection, and clinging to her rolling-pin, and laughing till she was exhausted. Perry Lockwood declared solemnly that "Vi-Vie" was intinsically stirring and that he should be sorry to see her married, and making.

That's cause poetry used to write sugar instead of brown, like us," she remarked, consolingly to Josey, who was looking on at the fun, her whim to bake the cake as it was, and leave the rest to Josey, and Perry, who stopped in the face and showing a little tongue tipped with sugar. "Perry's sweetest on sugar, Josey," the corrupt Josey, found Viola very different from what she had been described to be, but was pretty much her own way with them all.

Mrs. More, Josey, Perry, George, and declared still that he hated the sight of the girl, and he would give her a piece of his mind, and set it a time, for fear he should meet her friend. But he never could find the right time to carry this repugnance, and succeeded at last to her great relief if he did not.

From staying away persistently, he became assiduous in coming, and was always ready to be her sister that "Perry Lockwood's crops were not worth looking after."

Josey only laughed at the insinuation the first season, and Josephine's visit was to be a repeatance than did poor Drusilla, who was the younger sister of the world, and who had buried her heart in the grave of her child and that her future happiness might depend upon the impression which her appearance on the night make there. For once in her troubled life, but for his sake only, and for a social triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PERRY LOCKWOOD'S MISTAKE.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Josephine Nore was the daughter of a former rich banker, who had died when she was a girl, and was only moderately well-to-do in the way of this world's goods. Her mother was a fine, clever of debt, and had a good supply of stock in her husband's bank, which, after the crash came, during, that was all; he had no extra money to leave his widow and daughter, and no relations, nor sister. Abby, who was five years older, was very good, modest, and unassuming, and though they could not play on the piano or talk French, they had improved advantages of a good little red school house a mile and a half from their home, and were well versed, considering their education, that all boarding school misses could not boast of.

Josephine was the beauty. Abby made no pretensions to that direction, and Josephine had decided that no Jenny would be sure to marry, and was determined that she would marry a rich person single, and stay at home with her father and mother.

Josey was indeed already engaged to be married to a young man, Perry Lockwood, of the same, lively fellow, named Perry Lockwood, and they were engaged to be married, and were looked to find.

Perry was tall, with a muscular frame, well developed. He had brown curly hair, a keen, dark eye, and could be described as very fine looking of the soil as he was.

Josephine was light and slender, with thick black hair, soft black eyes, and a small red mouth, which when she smiled, showed two even and white as pearls.

Josey was not quite as tall as she was pretty; but though Perry Lockwood was very much in love with her, he had no doubt that she was quite as quite a girl of her worth, for was he fully satisfied with the choice he had made of a wife.

Josephine, during a visit to the city had formed the acquaintance of a young lady who lived in the neighborhood of the city, and that time spending a few weeks in the vicinity of Josey's home.

Singularly enough, the two girls, so opposite in their natural attributes as one would suppose, conceived in the strongest friendship for each other, and were with each other, as the result of which Viola Ellis, the city friend, came to spend the remaining time summer to visit Josephine in the country.

Josephine was not without her misgivings as to how her friend would like the country, and even the meagre appointments of the farm-house with its unpretentious surroundings, but she was quite accustomed to. Even her uncle's house was nothing like a mansion far superior to Josey Norris. But Josephine was not a girl to give way to her misgivings, and she met her friend fully by put everything in the best shape she could, and to make her visit a success.

The rest of the family were not so eager for the visit of the city young lady.

Good Mrs. More saw endless fagging for herself, and Abby looked upon it with a little bit of summer," but wouldn't say anything to spoil her sister's pleasure, if she could.

Farmer More was of the opinion that "child had better have stayed at home instead of Josey's" but was just as well as mothers. As for Perry Lockwood, he had not a word to say "no," so she called it, to make the house enact for Viola Ellis. Viola, Ellis, Josey, and Perry a little impatient at her sister's extravagant ideas, but Josephine was not to be gainsaid, and she had her own way.

Josey More, if Viola Ellis. George is one-third as pretty and agreeable as you pretend she is to be," said Perry, laughingly, to Josephine, one day.

"Why not, pray?" asked Josephine, looking up from the work she was engaged upon, and smiling at the window.

"Because I suppose Perry Lockwood has got eyes as well as you! and don't you suppose that he can discriminate between a pretty girl and a pretty girl like, who, having none of her own, boast of the beauty of Richard Ellis's sister, and run away from you if she can?"

"I don't suppose so little for me that my one else could win him from me, he is welcome to go," she said, spitefully.

But a vague uneasiness stirred her heart till she saw Perry that evening. He fretted and grumbled terribly at the prospect, declared he knew he should never see Josey any himself after "that girl" came, and wished Viola Ellis George would stay where she was wanted. Josey forgot, in scolding and laughing at him, any slight slingering she might have had, and the day Viola was expected, she coaxed Perry to take her to the depot to meet her.

The two friends met with just such extravagant expressions of delight at seeing each other as such girls are apt to display, and Mr. Perry Lockwood was duly presented to Miss Viola Ellis. Perry looked at her as the tips of his ears, and feeling as though he was all fingers and toes; the seeking unnaturality, shattering like a magpie all the time, and keeping every dimple of her pretty, round face dancing with her merry laughing. She was just as pretty as Josey had said she was—round, rosy, dimpled, and exceedingly little white, never quiet an instant if she could help it, never without a word to say, and in plenty of funny ones; and keeping everybody about her laughing, from the sheer contagion of her extravagance spirits.

The farmer came in the barn and round the straw stacks; she chased the calves in the meadows; she learned to ride bareback on a mouse-like saddle, when no other was to be got; she went fishing and strawberry picking; she gave us making tea, and rode home on the load, with Farmer More's old straw hat on—and on her pretty head, and the farmer holding his elder sister quite in the shade. She was, in short, she proved what every body knows who has ever gifts to be—useful, and that exquisite is very apt to develop in these delicate creatures a decided practical turn.

In the house her exploits were equally successful. She learned to cook, and cooked well. The beds were very much in the style of Dutch Josey's, and she learned to make the unaccustomed amount of them in the morning, and to keep the parlor in order in her primitive state. The dairy was not to be entered by her, because Josephine is quite of all Mrs. More's efforts to show her how to churn, and make butter, and cheese no beer, but to make fudge, and she could make that delicious compound to perfection, and clinging to her rolling-pin, and laughing till she was exhausted. Perry Lockwood declared solemnly that "Vi-Vie" was intinsically stirring and that he should be sorry to see her married, and making.

That's cause poetry used to write sugar instead of brown, like us," she remarked, consolingly to Josey, who was looking on at the fun, her whim to bake the cake as it was, and leave the rest to Josey, and Perry, who stopped in the face and showing a little tongue tipped with sugar. "Perry's sweetest on sugar, Josey," the corrupt Josey, found Viola very different from what she had been described to be, but was pretty much her own way with them all.

Mrs. More, Josey, Perry, George, and declared still that he hated the sight of the girl, and he would give her a piece of his mind, and set it a time, for fear he should meet her friend. But he never could find the right time to carry this repugnance, and succeeded at last to her great relief if he did not.

From staying away persistently, he became assiduous in coming, and was always ready to be her sister that "Perry Lockwood's crops were not worth looking after."

Josey only laughed at the insinuation the first season, and Josephine's visit was to be a repeatance than did poor Drusilla, who was the younger sister of the world, and who had buried her heart in the grave of her child and that her future happiness might depend upon the impression which her appearance on the night make there. For once in her troubled life, but for his sake only, and for a social triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PERRY LOCKWOOD'S MISTAKE.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Josephine Nore was the daughter of a former rich banker, who had died when she was a girl, and was only moderately well-to-do in the way of this world's goods. Her mother was a fine, clever of debt, and had a good supply of stock in her husband's bank, which, after the crash came, during, that was all; he had no extra money to leave his widow and daughter, and no relations, nor sister. Abby, who was five years older, was very good, modest, and unassuming, and though they could not play on the piano or talk French, they had improved advantages of a good little red school house a mile and a half from their home, and were well versed, considering their education, that all boarding school misses could not boast of.

Josephine was the beauty. Abby made no pretensions to that direction, and Josephine had decided that no Jenny would be sure to marry, and was determined that she would marry a rich person single, and stay at home with her father and mother.

Josey was indeed already engaged to be married to a young man, Perry Lockwood, of the same, lively fellow, named Perry Lockwood, and they were engaged to be married, and were looked to find.

Perry was tall, with a muscular frame, well developed. He had brown curly hair, a keen, dark eye, and could be described as very fine looking of the soil as he was.

Josephine was light and slender, with thick black hair, soft black eyes, and a small red mouth, which when she smiled, showed two even and white as pearls.

Josey was not quite as tall as she was pretty; but though Perry Lockwood was very much in love with her, he had no doubt that she was quite as quite a girl of her worth, for was he fully satisfied with the choice he had made of a wife.

Josephine, during a visit to the city had formed the acquaintance of a young lady who lived in the neighborhood of the city, and that time spending a few weeks in the vicinity of Josey's home.

Singularly enough, the two girls, so opposite in their natural attributes as one would suppose, conceived in the strongest friendship for each other, and were with each other, as the result of which Viola Ellis, the city friend, came to spend the remaining time summer to visit Josephine in the country.

Josephine was not without her misgivings as to how her friend would like the country, and even the meagre appointments of the farm-house with its unpretentious surroundings, but she was quite accustomed to. Even her uncle's house was nothing like a mansion far superior to Josey Norris. But Josephine was not a girl to give way to her misgivings, and she met her friend fully by put everything in the best shape she could, and to make her visit a success.

The rest of the family were not so eager for the visit of the city young lady.

Good Mrs. More saw endless fagging for herself, and Abby looked upon it with a little bit of summer," but wouldn't say anything to spoil her sister's pleasure, if she could.

Farmer More was of the opinion that "child had better have stayed at home instead of Josey's" but was just as well as mothers. As for Perry Lockwood, he had not a word to say "no," so she called it, to make the house enact for Viola Ellis. Viola, Ellis, Josey, and Perry a little impatient at her sister's extravagant ideas, but Josephine was not to be gainsaid, and she had her own way.

Josey More, if Viola Ellis. George is one-third as pretty and agreeable as you pretend she is to be," said Perry, laughingly, to Josephine, one day.

"Why not, pray?" asked Josephine, looking up from the work she was engaged upon, and smiling at the window.

"Because I suppose Perry Lockwood has got eyes as well as you! and don't you suppose that he can discriminate between a pretty girl and a pretty girl like, who, having none of her own, boast of the beauty of Richard Ellis's sister, and run away from you if she can?"

"I don't suppose so little for me that my one else could win him from me, he is welcome to go," she said, spitefully.

But a vague uneasiness stirred her heart till she saw Perry that evening. He fretted and grumbled terribly at the prospect, declared he knew he should never see Josey any himself after "that girl" came, and wished Viola Ellis George would stay where she was wanted. Josey forgot, in scolding and laughing at him, any slight slingering she might have had, and the day Viola was expected, she coaxed Perry to take her to the depot to meet her.

The two friends met with just such extravagant expressions of delight at seeing each other as such girls are apt to display, and Mr. Perry Lockwood was duly presented to Miss Viola Ellis. Perry looked at her as the tips of his ears, and feeling as though he was all fingers and toes; the seeking unnaturality, shattering like a magpie all the time, and keeping every dimple of her pretty, round face dancing with her merry laughing. She was just as pretty as Josey had said she was—round, rosy, dimpled, and exceedingly little white, never quiet an instant if she could help it, never without a word to say, and in plenty of funny ones; and keeping everybody about her laughing, from the sheer contagion of her extravagance spirits.

The farmer came in the barn and round the straw stacks; she chased the calves in the meadows; she learned to ride bareback on a mouse-like saddle, when no other was to be got; she went fishing and strawberry picking; she gave us making tea, and rode home on the load, with Farmer More's old straw hat on—and on her pretty head, and the farmer holding his elder sister quite in the shade. She was, in short, she proved what every body knows who has ever gifts to be—useful, and that exquisite is very apt to develop in these delicate creatures a decided practical turn.

In the house her exploits were equally successful. She learned to cook, and cooked well. The beds were very much in the style of Dutch Josey's, and she learned to make the unaccustomed amount of them in the morning, and to keep the parlor in order in her primitive state. The dairy was not to be entered by her, because Josephine is quite of all Mrs. More's efforts to show her how to churn, and make butter, and cheese no beer, but to make fudge, and she could make that delicious compound to perfection, and clinging to her rolling-pin, and laughing till she was exhausted. Perry Lockwood declared solemnly that "Vi-Vie" was intinsically stirring and that he should be sorry to see her married, and making.

That's cause poetry used to write sugar instead of brown, like us," she remarked, consolingly to Josey, who was looking on at the fun, her whim to bake the cake as it was, and leave the rest to Josey, and Perry, who stopped in the face and showing a little tongue tipped with sugar. "Perry's sweetest on sugar, Josey," the corrupt Josey, found Viola very different from what she had been described to be, but was pretty much her own way with them all.

Mrs. More, Josey, Perry, George, and declared still that he hated the sight of the girl, and he would give her a piece of his mind, and set it a time, for fear he should meet her friend. But he never could find the right time to carry this repugnance, and succeeded at last to her great relief if he did not.

From staying away persistently, he became assiduous in coming, and was always ready to be her sister that "Perry Lockwood's crops were not worth looking after."

Josey only laughed at the insinuation the first season, and Josephine's visit was to be a repeatance than did poor Drusilla, who was the younger sister of the world, and who had buried her heart in the grave of her child and that her future happiness might depend upon the impression which her appearance on the night make there. For once in her troubled life, but for his sake only, and for a social triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Miss St. George vanished. Two mortal hours Perry and Josephine stayed in the library, but when they came out their hands were still clasped, and Perry was saying:

"Josey, I am sorry that my old farm back again, if I can get it. To think I could have been such a fool as Viola says, as to keep how much I loved you beyond all words! Josey, can only by fixing me married. My hair never really stinged from you."

"Then I will not stay," laughed Viola, at sight of them.

She is married, too, now; but she spends four of her summers at Lockwood farm.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING YOUNG," "THE CONGO PLANTER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The voice of Mrs. Perkins at her bedside awoke Mrs. Ann Eliza Brisbane from a sound sleep, and, still the significance of the summons running at once upon her mind.

"Mr. Manly will be here at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Brisbane, and he says you must be ready to attend at time to eat your breakfast comfortably before the time comes for reading the will. So I made bold to come in and speak to you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Perkins, I am very much right to do so. I shall be ready directly; order breakfast at once, and I will dress myself. I really feel hungry this morning."

The woman was not unwilling to benefit by it.

"I wonder how much upstairs she'll have for herself," she thought, as she went off to order a gigot, and shell take it as hard as any one. I know what I should do if I had the chance, though she sent him out left last night—I know by the look of her face this morning. But, bless her, I guess she'll a hold life to life pensioner. She has had a lucky escape, and I'm glad I thought his state that Mr. Perkins made me hold my tongue about the will, and not let her know that she was to be left a rich woman. It is a beautiful sunny day, and she had only to stretch forth her hand to grasp the prize which was to make her life a beautiful sunny day.

The woman in the thought of Ines's disappointment and the humiliation of Fenton. She had no pity for either of them. Her chief concern was the thought that any portion of the estate must be surrendered to Fenton, or to Ines, for that matter.

The breakfast things were removed and Nina prepared for the reception of the expected guests. The bread and butter, the coffee, were placed on a table, and very soon afterward a carriage was heard to drive up to the door, and Mr. Manly and his daughter.

By the use of a certain magic wand, which he was got safely into the room, and Miss Gordon descended him with the greatest care. The two persons doing the honors of her court. At Fenton she cast a single, quick, full of triumph, and then she turned her head away from him, and he did not look at her again.

He kissed, and he liked the offered her hand with a respectful air that Miss Gordon thought him inclined to resent. He only said:

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Miss Gordon." From your manner one would think that you had been spending the summer in the independence of the poor old lady whose last trials you have so kindly soothed."

To this taunt Nina replied with honeyed sweetness:

"I had the honor to be recognized as the friend of Mrs. Gordon by her husband, Mr. Lopez, and that, I believe, entitles me to at least respectful treatment at your hands."

His sharp black eyes surveyed her with an expression of admiration, which he did not try to hide.

"Well, well—least said is soonest mended! I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see that my sister-in-law held my young lady."

Miss Ellen was sitting upright, and closed her red lips firmly over her set teeth to restrain the words which rushed to her tongue's end. Her gentleness to be the offspring of his fears that she would tell Mr. Manly something about Mr. Jake, and she thought she could hear his ill-natured voice in the ante-room, and the sound of the servants' greeting of him.

Mr. Manly was of sympathetic interest that fitted over Manly face was incomprehensible to Nina. She did not know whether he knew of the truth. She turned coldly from him, and began to converse with Mrs. Brisbane in a low tone; but rested, spoke aloud as she pointed to it:

"Mr. Manly, I suppose that the will would be found, and here is the key, Mr. Manly, in the old escritoire which stands between the windows. Perhaps you can spend since my dear friend has left us."

Mr. Manly received the key, and went to look with her eyes fixed upon the curious behind her and observed him. Jake Brisbane was not in the room. Perry Lockwood, from a desire to put himself upon an equality with Josephine's uncle, had been polishing his outer man, under pretense of going to school to Philadelphia, and he overtook how a little of that sort of thing changed Perry Lockwood's appearance, and for the better, in that place now, and he could talk to Viola with a degree of ease.

Josephine bore the ordeal bravely. Indeed the rather naively regarded the matter as the admirers before her odd sweetheart, and seeing Perry Lockwood's eyes were fixed upon her, looked at him with a smile.

Josephine was not at her perplexing "other fellows" to make such silly speeches to her as Perry Lockwood had done, and she was glad to admire in "that tallest, most self-sufficient white-faced boy" that he had not been "spoiled" by his admiration.

Josey wondered whether Miss St. George had given him his answer yet, and what it was likely to be.

Josey was one afternoon resulting in a little of the sweetness of Miss St. George's smile, and not seeming to see her, nevertheless she was aware of everything that was going on around her, and knew that Perry Lockwood had left the room, and was in the parlor with Miss St. George. In the middle of or queer a speech as some of the "other fellows" had made to her, Josey remembered that Perry Lockwood's manner was different.

Josey wondered whether Miss St. George had given him his answer yet, and what it was likely to be.

Josey was one afternoon resulting in a little of the sweetness of Miss St. George's smile, and not seeming to see her, nevertheless she was aware of everything that was going on around her, and knew that Perry Lockwood had left the room, and was in the parlor with Miss St. George. In the middle of or queer a speech as some of the "other fellows" had made to her, Josey remembered that Perry Lockwood's manner was different.

Josey wondered whether Miss St. George had given him his answer yet, and what it was likely to be.

Josey was one afternoon resulting in a little of the sweetness of Miss St. George's smile, and not seeming to see her, nevertheless she was aware of everything that was going on around her, and knew that Perry Lockwood had left the room, and was in the parlor with Miss St. George. In the middle of or queer a speech as some of the "other fellows" had made to her, Josey remembered that Perry Lockwood's manner was different.

Josey wondered whether Miss St. George had given him his answer yet, and what it was likely to be.

Josey was one afternoon resulting in a little of the sweetness of Miss St. George's smile, and not seeming to see her, nevertheless she was aware of everything that was going on around her, and knew that Perry Lockwood had left the room, and was in the parlor with Miss St. George. In the middle of or queer a speech as some of the "other fellows" had made to her, Josey remembered that Perry Lockwood's manner was different.

distinct voice the disposition of Mrs. Hawks' estate so lately written by himself. He made a pause at that point, and Nina triumphantly turned to Mr. Lopez and said:

"I think my claims as an adopted daughter are now fully vindicated, sir. What is your opinion?"

"It is just the same as it was before,—that Eunice Hawks was an old fool, and you an accomplished deceiver. But we have not heard all yet. I see that the feeble hand of my sister-in-law has added something to what you wrote, Mr. Manly, so pray let us have that."

Nina gasped for breath; she became pale as death as she faltered:

"No, no—that was all the will contained when it was placed in the casket. If anything has been added to it, it is a forgery."

"Ah, indeed, young lady. I will swear to Eunice Hawks' writing, and that is certainly hers. Besides, we have two witnesses to prove that on the last night of her life she took the will from that casket herself, and added a codicil to it. Mrs. Perkins was present, and she brought Mrs. Langley in to witness the signature of her mistress, and to affix her own after it. Whatever it contains is certainly valid."

Nina felt as if life was receding from her, but she made a violent effort to regain self-control, and her pale lips said to the lawyer:

"Go on, sir. I do not suppose there is any material alteration in the disposition of the estate."

Thus commanded, Mr. Manly, in a low tone, but with perfect distinctness, read the last words written by Mrs. Hawks in that paroxysm of wounded feeling and outraged pride which had hastened her death.

Every word struck upon the heart of the baffled schemer as the stroke of a dagger; but the very sharpness of the blow sustained her for the time. Color returned to her cheeks and lips, and she defiantly turned her flashing eyes from face to face and slowly said:

"There has been a base conspiracy to defraud me of the wealth my dear old friend designed for me, and I declare my intention to expose it at all hazards. What but shameful falsehood could so suddenly have changed the feelings of Mrs. Hawks towards me? for I am unconscious of having done anything to offend or alienate her."

Mrs. Langley here came forward looking very pale, but firm in her resolve to avow her own share in the transactions of that sad night. After an effort, she cleared her voice and addressed herself directly to Nina.

"Miss Gordon, to *me* you owe it that fortune has eluded your grasp. I was shocked at seeing you mimic your benefactress for the amusement of strangers, and I so contrived it that on the night you gave that last exhibition in my parlor, the old lady was brought into this room. That door was unclosed a few moments when you were in full career in your shameful mockery. A mirror was so placed that she saw you reflected in it, and understood what you were doing.

"She was taken back to her chamber, where she lay ill for several hours; but, with the first reaction of her mind, she ordered her will to be brought to her, and, with her own hand, added the codicil you have just heard read. I was sent for it in time to witness her signature; my name and that of Mrs. Perkins follow it as witnesses; and it will be quite useless for you to attempt to dispute its authenticity."

Nina listened like one in a terrible dream. She faintly asked:

"What had I done to you, Mrs. Langley, that you should have injured me so irreparably? *You* urged me on to do what I did that night, I now see with what purpose. Was it kind?—Was it generous?—to treat me thus?"

Mrs. Langley changed color and looked embarrassed, but she steadily replied:

"When so much was at stake for one in whom I am deeply interested, I felt forced to unmask you, Miss Gordon. I thought it unjust that you should obtain possession of Mrs. Hawks' fortune to the exclusion of her niece, so I showed you to her in your true character. If I did wrong, I am sufficiently punished by the unexpected denouément. If I had dreamed that the knowledge of your perfidy would have destroyed the old lady, I should never have attempted to betray it."

"Ah, yes," said Nina, exultingly, "you see how much she loved me! And, after all, Miss Lopez gets no more than she claimed under the will; so what have you really gained by ruining me? We are all friends here, so I will propose what has occurred to me. The codicil is written on the bottom of the sheet, and it is blank on the other side. Let us tear it off and destroy it, and I will give Mr. Lopez a written agreement to divide the inheritance equally with his daughter. There is enough to make us both rich, so why should we contend about it?"

Her manner was so wild and excited, this proposal so impossible to be carried into effect, that the listeners believed the sudden shock had deprived her of her senses.

Mr. Manly sternly said:

"Such a thing could not be done, Miss Gordon. You are not quite sane, or you would never have proposed it."

Nina raised her hand to her brow with a helpless gesture of dismay and defeat, as she faltered:

"Perhaps I am mad. My brain seems bursting, and—and every thing begins to grow black before me. Give me water—water!"

A glass containing wine was held to her lips, and the reaction it produced restored the strength and fire which had deserted her. With a smile of strange mockery, she turned to Inez, and said:

"You heard how the fair proposal I made was received; we cannot divide the estate because an absurd scruple stands in the way. Deliver me from people who cannot distinguish between what is just and what seems right to their narrow minds. We are both impoverished, Miss Lopez,—I, utterly so; and you, in all that you hold most dear; for *that man*," pointing toward Fenton, "will never marry you now,—*never!* He has no fortune of his own; and you, without the wealth of your aunt, will soon be no more to him than I now am."

"It is false!" cried Fenton, impetuously. "I love Inez as I never loved any other woman, and my actions shall prove how little I value the fortune of which she has been deprived."

Nina looked at him with a singular light in her eyes. She drew several long inspirations, as if struggling to gain breath enough to speak clearly. Her voice sounded cold and dissonant as it issued from her lips.

"You think so now, perhaps, Godfrey Fenton, but wait till you have time to reflect on the consequences of such an alliance. To you, a thousand a year will be poverty, and Mr. Lopez must share even that. But it is idle to speculate on impossibilities. I wish to speak only a few more words to you, sir. A presentiment I cannot rid myself of warns me that our fates are linked together for some evil purpose; and this day it had been far better for you if I had secured the inheritance I so lately believed was within my grasp. Convinced that you no longer love me, I should have gone upon my way and lived the gay life for which I am best fitted, but *you* have set on my friend to thwart my ambitious aspirations, in the hope that by ruining me you would serve the one you prefer to me; and I here renew the vow uttered once before, in a moment of overwhelming bitterness.—I will pursue you, Godfrey Fenton, till I find means to strike you down as you have stricken me; and such women as I am fail not when they set their very life upon a purpose!"

She sunk back white and trembling, and Lopez interrupted the reply that arose to Fenton's lips. He peevishly said:

"Why should we sit here to listen to the ravings of a half-demented girl? I believe her head is turned by the loss of the money she tried so hard to win. Take possession of the will, Manly, but delay action upon it as long as possible, for I still cherish the hope that the settlement which will render it null and void may turn up before it is admitted to probate."

The lawyer obeyed, and Nina saw him put the package in his pocket without attempting to interfere, though she felt the impulse upon her to fly at him, snatch it from his hands, and tear into fragments the obnoxious codicil.

She laughed aloud. Such a laugh as it was! It made every one shiver that heard it, and in the same monotonous tone again spoke:

"Yes, take the will which brands me as a contemptible deceiver; but I am no worse than those who tempted me to do that which they knew would lead to my ruin. The plot was worthy of him who conceived it, and that man was Godfrey Fenton. I wish you joy of your lover, Miss Lopez; an *honorable* and unstained husband will you gain, if you can succeed in making him marry you; but, as I have already said, he will hardly go that far. He has flirted with others as seriously as with you, and nothing came of it. Like the rest, your time to be deserted will come. If you really wish your daughter to marry this man, Mr. Lopez, I advise you to have no delay; secure him at once, or it will be too late."

"Thank you for your advice, Miss Gordon," replied that gentleman with a sneer; "but I think I can manage my affairs and those of my daughter without it. I have listened to enough of this impertinence. Get me away, Godfrey, before I say something I might be sorry to say to a woman. Open the door, Dick, and wheel my chair into the hall. Good-bye, fair termagant. I hope your disappointment to-day will not prove fatal to you."

"It will not to *me*, sir; but it surely shall to some others I could name," was the defiant response made as Dick hastened to remove the paralytic from the room, followed by the rest of the party, with the exception of Mrs. Perkins.

A few whispered words from Mrs. Langley induced her to pause and scan the wild face of Nina, and she softly closed the door on the others and drew near her.

She had sunk back seemingly quite helpless, with an expression of angry despair upon her convulsed features that distorted all their beauty and filled her companion with alarm. Nina suddenly burst into wild cries, and fell into a violent hysteric spasm. Mrs. Perkins, with much effort, at length succeeded in carrying her to her bed, where she loosened her clothing, and administered lavender and sal volatile.

It was an hour before the paroxysms began to subside, and the sufferer lay panting and nerveless for a long time, with her eyes half closed and her pale lips tightly drawn over her teeth.

Suddenly she seemed to remember something that vitally interested her; for she raised her head, looked around, and saw the waiting woman sitting at the foot of her bed intently regarding her. Nina feebly said:

"I have something to attend to that must not be neglected. Bring me a bottle of wine. I must drink enough to nerve me for what lies before me. I shall not give way again, Mrs. Perkins. I feel my strength and will returning, and I shall do very well. Pray get me the wine without delay; bring me champagne. That will effectually remove this dreadful feeling of sinking that weighs me down."

Much as Mrs. Perkins disliked Nina, she felt compassion for her in her broken-down and friendless condition; for she had heard of the sudden departure of the Bates family, and she knew that the young girl was left utterly alone to struggle with the overwhelming disappointment she had sustained.

She hastened to bring the wine, though if she could have dreamed of the purpose for which its factitious aid was desired, she would sooner have seen Nina die for the want of it, than have been the agent to obtain it for her.

She drank glass after glass till half the bottle was exhausted; then arose and, with the woman's assistance, arranged her disordered dress and prepared to go out. Mrs. Perkins remonstrated:

"You aint fit to go in the street, Miss Gordon. You are trembling with weakness now, and you may be took with another of them spells before you can walk any distance."

Nina impatiently replied:

"I am not going to walk. Call a carriage for me; there are plenty of them always to be had. I—I have an engagement to see a friend at five o'clock, and I must keep it,—a great deal depends on it. Will you perform this last service for me, Mrs. Perkins? It is not much to ask of you, and—and I am still able to reward you."

"Of course I'll do it if you insist, Miss Gordon, but I don't want any pay from you for any little service I may do for you."

"Well, go then, for I have no time to lose. It is half-past four now, and I have some distance to go."

Mrs. Perkins went, and returned in a few moments to say that a carriage was at the private entrance. Nina drew her thick crape veil over her wild-looking face and hastened to enter it. Whither she was going, or for what purpose, the woman could not divine, for the direction of Nina to the driver was given in so guarded a tone that she could not hear it. But she had little time to speculate on Nina's movements, for Mr. Lopez had left orders for her to pack up the personal effects of her late mistress, and have them ready for removal on the following day.

Mrs. Perkins was to return herself to the service of her darling young lady, taking Bijiji with her, to be cared for during the rest of his life.

When the carriage had been driven half a mile Nina again spoke to the coachman:

"Go a mile on the road to Durfee's and draw up on the road side."

When they gained the place, she got out of the vehicle, and, holding her veil close over her face, again spoke to the man:

"Wait here till I come back. I shall not be gone over half an hour, and I will pay you double fare to be quiet and patient. A friend lives in this woodland of whom I wish to take leave."

The driver nodded carelessly, secured his reins, and got down to walk about a little. Nina made her way through a narrow pathway which, a quarter of a mile distant, ended in an open space, in which a man with his hat drawn over his brows was pacing to and fro. He was apparently awaiting her appearance, for he immediately advanced toward her with alacrity, and lifting his hat, revealed the smooth and repulsive face of Sam. Wilkins.

He jauntily said:

"Ah! my fair heiress, I had nearly despaired of seeing you here this afternoon. I had almost come to the conclusion that in your elation at the golden shower that has fallen upon you, you had forgotten our appointment."

His familiar manner was offensive to Nina, and she felt a sort of bitter triumph in the blow she was about to strike at him. She hastened to throw aside her veil and ask:

"Is this the face of a successful plotter, Mr. Wilkins? I did not come before because I was too ill to leave my own room. Can you guess what has broken me down so utterly?"

The bitter irony with which she spoke enlightened him at once, and he faintly gasped:

"The old woman didn't go and throw you over at the last? The will was to be read this morning, and from your note I inferred that all was right."

"So I believed it was when I wrote and made the appointment to meet you here this afternoon, that we might come to some arrangement about the exchange we intended to make. I have nothing to offer you in lieu of the stolen will, for Mrs. Hawks has added a codicil to hers, bequeathing her fortune to the poor of the county in which she was born."

"Then what the devil brought you here at all, Miss Gordon?" he rudely asked. "You did not hope to bamboozle me into giving the will up to you without the reward you promised?"

"No, sir, I did not expect that," she steadily replied, fixing her glittering eyes full upon his. "I only came hither to warn you against making any use of that instrument. If you move to restore it to the Lopez family, however large the reward their offer may be, I swear to you that I will expose the whole affair. If I bring ruin on myself by doing so, I will have you prosecuted for the theft you committed, and you will be sure of a long term in the penitentiary. I hope you clearly understand me, Mr. Wilkins?"

"By the lord, if I don't it is not for want of plain speaking," he angrily replied. "You can't be in earnest, Miss Gordon? By exposing me, you would disgrace yourself forever; for of course the compact you made with me would not be kept back in such a condition of affairs as that."

Nina coldly replied:

"*I* should not be punished, for you could prove nothing against me. I might be annoyed a little, but that I could bear; and I declare to you that I was never more bitterly in earnest in my life. I care little for the opinion of the world, for I have beauty and wit, which ensures me plenty of friends and defenders; but with you it is different. Your business depends on the estimation in which you are held as an honest man, and what I could and would tell must blight you forever."

Wilkins looked at her set face, and saw that she was terribly in earnest. After a troubled pause, he insinuatingly said:

"What would you say now, Miss Gordon, if I agree to divide with you whatever the opposite party would give? I am sure it would be a handsome figure, for old Lopez is wild to get the will in his own possession. Manly has been pumping me in such a way, and offering such handsome terms on the part of the old man, that if it hadn't been for my admiration of you, I should really have been tempted to betray that I have the paper they are so keen after. They promise to keep dark, too, about the whole transaction. Come—be reasonable now; don't throw away the chance of a nice little independence, because you can't get the whole estate."

Nina recoiled from his familiar approach as if he had been a leper. Lifting her white face to his, she stamped upon the ground and imperiously cried:

"I will die in a ditch sooner than accept a bribe to restore that which will make Inez Lopez the sole possessor of her aunt's fortune. Move in this matter if you dare, and I again asseverate that I will bring ruin upon you—worse than ruin—degradation—servile service in the State prison. Think of that, and relinquish all hope of making a speculation on the clever robbery you committed. Ha! ha! I am glad that somebody else has been outwitted as well as myself."

Wilkins looked perfectly crest-fallen. He whined:

"I don't know how to deal with such a woman as you are, Miss Gordon. Since you cannot be harmed by the will coming to light, I can't see why you should insist that it shall be kept concealed. I have spent money already in this cursed affair, and how am I to get it back unless I sell the thing to those that would give a good price to get it? It isn't fair to treat a fellow so."

"Quite as fair, Mr. Wilkins, as for you to steal the will for the purpose of making a speculation out of it. You are entitled to nothing for your cleverness, and nothing shall you have; I have made up my mind to that. But it grows late, and I must be back in town before night falls. I have given you fair warning of the consequences that will result from any attempt on your part to restore the will to its rightful owners, and I leave you to reflect upon them. You and I shall probably never meet again, unless you violate my commands. Should you do so, you may expect a dire Nemesis to swoop down upon you without delay. Good-evening, sir. I have said all that I came to say, and our interview must terminate."

"Are you inexorable, Miss Gordon?"

"Yes—as death itself; so beware that you do not act contrary to my positive commands."

Wilkins saw from the expression of her face that she meant every word she uttered, and he struck his hand upon his forehead and exclaimed:

"Then Heaven help me! for nearly all my savings have gone to feed the prodigality of the poor fool that gave me the clue to this villainy. Curse the luck! I wish with all my heart that I had never meddled in the affair at all."

Nina's hard laugh rang out in reply, and in another moment she was gone.

Threading her way rapidly through the woodland, she found the driver sitting on a stump whistling "Molly Bawn." Although the man surveyed her inquisitively, he said nothing, and before the sun had set she found herself again in her own apartment.

Nina tried to think—to fix on some plan of action, but the crushing disappointment which had so suddenly ended all her dreams of grandeur, seemed to have paralyzed the springs of thought.

Never before had she felt so utterly alone and deserted; and the memory of her late brilliant triumphs in society only added to her desolation. She bitterly regretted now that she had been so precipitate in breaking with the Bates family. Had she acted with more caution she might have held Adolphus to his troth, and at least secured a safe position as his wife; but in the arrogance of her presumed fortune she had forever alienated even the faithful heart of Kitty, and there was no hope left in that quarter.

Unable to endure the tumult of bitter feeling that surged in her bosom, she again had recourse to the champagne, and before her supper was brought in she had finished the bottle. A cup of tea was all she could take, and she then retired to her bed to toss half the night with restless moanings she had not strength to suppress.

When Nina at last slept, frightful dreams of falling over precipices and tossing in a storm at sea kept her weary mind still on the strain, and she awoke feverish and scarcely refreshed by her unquiet slumbers.

But she could not lie in bed; she must be up and preparing for her departure, for she was determined that Fenton should not find her there when he came to superintend the removal of Mrs. Hawks' effects.

With the assistance of Mrs. Perkins, she packed her trunks and prepared to set out for New Haven, to Mrs. Lyme, as her only refuge, she felt that she must go, till she could look around and settle on some method of earning her bread, since that necessity was again laid upon her.

A brief note from Kitty Bates had been left in her room informing her that the large trunk containing the finery in which she had nightly figured for so many weeks past, was left in the care of the clerk, and Nina could claim it whenever she pleased. She sent for the young man and requested him to see her safely to the train, at the same time telling him that Mrs. Hawks' account, including her own bill, would be settled by her brother-in-law, Mr. Lopez.

The clerk was very polite; he made every arrangement for her, and found an elderly gentleman travelling to New Haven in whose charge he placed her.

With aching head and weary limbs, Nina was borne swiftly away, wondering why she felt so weak and nerveless, for she had never been sick in her life, and the premonitory symptoms of approaching illness gave her no warning.

When they reached New Haven her escort found a carriage for her, in which she was driven to the door of her old friend, but on attempting to alight from it she fainted, and would have fallen if the driver had not caught her in his arms.

Nina was taken into the house in this lifeless condition, and Mrs. Lyme had her at once conveyed to her old quarters and placed in bed. She remained beside her till she came out of the swoon, in the hope that Nina could afford some explanation of her sudden appearance in this forlorn condition.

But when consciousness returned she was evidently unable to enlighten her, and Mrs. Lyme saw that she was in the first paroxysm of a violent fever. A physician was hastily summoned to her side, and days of anxiety and nights of watching passed away before Nina awoke to the knowledge of what was passing around her; and many more elapsed before she had strength to refer to the events of the last few months.

When she at length did so, she informed her old friend only of such portions of them as did not too severely wound her own pride; and she accounted for her rupture with the Bates family by saying that they were offended at her refusal to marry Adolphus.

This surprised Mrs. Lyme, for she thought Nina intensely worldly, and she asked:

"Was the young gentleman so very repulsive to you, my dear, that you could not weigh the advantages of the match against such girlish objections as you might have had to him? Mr. Bates is very rich, I believe, and you wrote to me that there are but two children."

"Yes, they are reported rich, but I have reason to know that their commercial prosperity is not on the most stable foundation. In fact, I believe that Adolphus thought me likely to inherit a portion of Mrs. Hawks' fortune, or he would never have committed himself so far as to ask me to marry him."

"Why should he have fancied that, Nina? You were known to her so short a time that you could scarcely have cherished such a hope yourself."

"It would scarcely have been strange if I had done so, Mrs. Lyme, for the old lady took a violent fancy to me; and, if others had not meddled between us in a most unwarrantable manner, I am almost sure that she would have provided handsomely for me. It is all over now, and I have nothing to look forward to but to begin again the weary struggle to earn my own living by teaching unskillful fingers to make music odious and distasteful to me much as I once loved it. It is a hard fate for one constituted as I am, but I assure you that I consider it preferable to marrying Adolphus Bates for a home."

"That is the right feeling, my dear child, and I am glad that you did not accept him. I think that I can find employment for you which will afford you more variety than merely teaching music. I was about to write to you when you came here so unexpectedly, to lay before you the offer of a situation as governess which I have received for you. The salary will be high and your duties light, as there will be but one pupil, and she is nearly grown."

"I shall not accept it," said Nina, abruptly, "I have made up my mind to remain with you another year, at least,—that is, if you can give me my old position in your school."

"We will talk on that subject hereafter, Nina, when you are stronger and better able to take a correct view of what is best for yourself. You are flushing and trembling now, so I will leave this discussion for another day. I will give you your drops and leave you to repose, for I see that you need it. Hereafter, when you are quite well and strong again, we will renew the subject, and I think you will change your decision after we have spoken together on this subject. Good night, my dear! get a good night's rest, and try to regain your bloom and beauty. I assure you that a fine field in which to display them is opening before you."

Nina would have detained her and heard all that she had to tell but Mrs. Lyme was despotic, and she was left alone to muse over her late defeat and wonder what her future lot was to be; but the narcotic drops she had taken soon asserted their power over her weakened frame, and she fell into a refreshing, life-renewing slumber in which we will leave her and return to the Glades to see what has been developed there during the long weeks of Nina's illness and convalescence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Newport was deserted, for autumn had put on its draperies of crimson and gold, and the latest seekers after health or pleasure had with the first frost winged their way to their distant homes, leaving the hotels nearly tenantless.

But there was one who yet lingered there, in the daily diminishing hope that the fortune of his betrothed might be rescued from the jeopardy in which it stood and their future union assured beyond a doubt.

Fenton had labored assiduously to bring about this result, but alas! without effect. Blagdon was not to be found, and even his mother could throw no light on whither he had gone.

Wilkins, under the dread inspired by Nina's threats, feared to betray the villainy of which he had been guilty, though every effort was made by Mr. Manly and the young lover to beguile from him a confession which would enable them to fasten on him the charge of having possessed himself of the will of Mr. Horton.

Mr. Lopez offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for its recovery, but that was not enough to tempt Wilkins to brave the exposure which he felt assured would ensue. He could not live in Europe in the style he aspired to on the interest of such a sum as that, and he knew that steady attention to his professional duties would ensure him much more in the course of a few years; so Mr. Wilkins balanced disgrace and respectability against each other, and unluckily for the interests of Inez, the latter outweighed the price offered by her father for the former.

But Inez thought little of that. She lived in an enchanted paradise during those autumn weeks in which Nina lay struggling back to life—to the life which, for herself and those her future actions were so deeply to affect, had far better have ended then. But "coldly, darkly strong is fate," and they all walked blindly forward in the path marked out for them to take.

Fenton devoted to Inez all the hours he could spare from the business details he undertook for Mr. Lopez; and much as he had loved her before, he felt that day by day she became more dear and more necessary to the happiness of his future life.

Yet amid the deepest intoxication of his passion, Fenton admitted to himself that if the fortune of Mrs. Hawks eluded all his efforts to secure it for his betrothed, he dared not offend his imperious mother by making Inez his wife. He would not look to that result. He would hope against hope as long as that was possible, and then, if the worst came, he could but relinquish the girl whose love he knew would make his life purer and nobler, if he were only unselfish enough to brave narrow means for her sake.

But this Fenton was not. He shuddered at the mere thought of the obscurity into which he must sink as the husband of one so slenderly provided for as Inez, burdened, too, as they must be by her helpless and exacting father.

But these doubts and struggles were never permitted to ruffle the serenity of the hours the lovers passed together. In the presence of Inez, Fenton forgot everything but that she was the most adorable of women, and he the happy possessor of her tender and faithful heart.

If Ben Crowder had been on the spot, his compunctions of conscience might have led to a confession of his share in the robbery, and his evidence would have forced Wilkins to produce the missing will; but a few days before the decease of Mrs. Hawks, his uncle had discovered the evil paths into which he was straying, and took immediate measures to remove him from the disreputable associates with whom Crowder had become entangled. He despatched him to New Orleans to attend to some important business which had been entrusted to Mr. Crampton in that city.

Thus, to the infinite relief of Wilkins, his ally in crime was sent out of the way, precisely when his presence would have been most inconvenient to him.

Time rolled around, bringing the golden days of October to a close, and the hazy, dream-like atmosphere of Indian Summer was swept away by a cold storm from the north-east, which scattered the gorgeous autumn foliage, leaving the lofty trees that encompassed the Glades bare and sere. Shipwrecks were scattered on the sea coast, and desolation brooded over the wintry-looking landscape, but to the heart of the lover of Inez Lopez a shipwreck of another kind came.

Mr. Manly could no longer defer acting on the will of Mrs. Hawks, for it had become known that her estate was left to charities, and inconvenient inquiries began to be made as to the delay which had been already been made in presenting it for probate. With much reluctance he took such steps as were necessary, and trustees were appointed by the county in which Mrs. Hawks was born, to take possession of the estate, and pay over such legacies as she had bequeathed to the niece and Mrs. Perkins.

To the last Mr. Lopez declared that he would contest the will, but he finally relinquished this intention when assured by his lawyers that he would gain nothing by it. With inexpressible rage and mortification, he saw the wealth to which he felt assured his daughter was the legal heir, swept away from her, and he tried to console himself for his bitter disappointment by using still larger quantities of the fatal drug that was slowly undermining the very springs of life.

He became more irritable every day, in spite of the efforts of both Inez and her lover to brighten his broken and weary life; and but for the sustaining presence of Fenton, and the anticipation of the bright future to be shared with him, Inez must have sunk beneath the trials her father daily inflicted upon her.

But the spring of happiness in her young heart defied reverses of fortune or fractiousness of temper, so long as she believed herself the chosen one of the man to whom she was so ardently attached.

Inez did not remark that Fenton no longer spoke of their speedy union as a certainty. He constantly received letters from his mother, which he never showed to her, and she could not fail to detect that each one seemed to depress him more deeply. Those letters were stringent commands from Mrs. Markland to return to Mississippi without delay, for Guy Denham and his sister had reached home; and a flirtation, as his aunt called it, had sprung up between Denham and Opal Hastings, which threatened to interfere with her son's claims in that quarter.

So long as Fenton cherished the hope that Inez would eventually succeed to her grandfather's fortune he was indifferent to this; but when it seemed certain that the estate was irrevocably gone, he began to think it most unwise in himself to sacrifice his future prospects, and lose all chance of winning Miss Hastings, with the great wealth she would inherit.

Fenton pitied himself—he cursed his fate; but he finally decided that he must go or forfeit his mother's favor, thus entailing ruin on himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Fraternal Affection.

If friendship be delightful; if it be above all delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world—how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with a closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honored with us those to whom we have paid every filial honor in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard, and to whom we owe an acceptable service, in extending our affection to those whom they love? Every dissension of man with man excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

The Aged Man.

A very pious writer gives the following representation of this stage of human life, when employed and occupied as it ought to be, and when life has been drawn to its close by a course of virtue and religion. To the intelligent and virtuous, says our author, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyment, of obedient appetites, of well-regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed, as it were, on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience, and looks forward with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations towards his eternal favor.

—Father and mother divide the office of the sun between them; the one gives warmth, the other light.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SUMMER PSALM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The chosen of the Lord, of old
Made solemn psalms rolls and swelling pæans,
Through great Jehovah's outer temple
Sang their majestic psalms:

And we can we our worship lift
In such-like song where humbler hearts,
And breathes her hymns of gratitude
And the lesser powers!

Let the offering of our
The tuneful sounds his crystal rivers;
The wilderness a temple lowers
In forest imperial pomp.

Lift, lift the stately hymn of praise
From our People's lost was gave
Our Empire's Senate-Victory
Upon the mount so weak.

O, stir in harmony, ye leaders;
Ye wave your wings, each symbol dove,
Within the Sanctuary's starry Dome
A Nation sings its love.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XVII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE WRITER'S PRIVATE LOG-BOOK.

I WAKED bright and early on Saturday morning, and as I arose from the breakfast-table, and took my hat in my hand, I promised to my mother and Mary Ann that I would be at home again on Saturday, if not before; and Eunice stood by my side and whispered to me that she did not stop until I came. I had kissed my mother and my sister, but had been about to think of saying her; but as she stood now, however, looking up so smilingly and pleasant into my face, I could not resist the temptation; so I bent my head down, and would have kissed her upon the cheek, but she turned and caught it upon her lips, and gave me back a salutation in the same room. It was a very simple thing—that kiss from my cousin,—but somehow it electrified me as a like had never electrified me before; and it was a long time ere the thrill left my soul.

At the great Rock I found my little brother Wes, who wished to go to sea with me, and of course he's run away if he couldn't go any other way.

I reached the cross-road in good season, and to about fifteen minutes' time I had a stage-coach along, and our ride to Salem was very pleasant and entertaining. The captain had found all his folks well, and appeared to be feeling in pretty good spirits, though there was one unpleasant thing in his mind that tended to detract a little from his confidence in the future. He had met there with trouble brewing between our country and England. France and England were at open hands, and old Johnny Bull seemed determined to drag the United States in if he could.

"England is setting a mean part," he said to me as the subject had been discussed over the table; "she is only pretends in impressing our seamen, and I ought to be grieved that she is of the bottom of all the Indian troubles on the frontier. The savages could not get arms and ammunition, and if it is just as much an Indian and English war-whoop as it is war with the Indians and the Spaniards fought shoulder to shoulder against the French soldiers of the Revolution. The English don't actually supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, and cannot help them by every means within their power. I don't know what Mr. Grey will say, but I know war should be actually declared, there wouldn't be much danger to us because we don't venture much for much of his pocket to interfere with his own trade. I hardly think she will dare to molest us unless we go to Halifax, however, we shall have time enough to think of that. Mr. Grey is pretty strong, and he will be likely to see where he is making his nose before he decides upon his course."

I expressed the hope that our owners would not be deterred from sending us off to India unless there should be some good show for war.

"For certainly," said I, "there is no power that would trouble us upon the high seas; and as for what may be done to port the East India companies have too much at stake to trouble us in any of their ports."

I think there will be no trouble," responded Matthews. "However, we shall have before many days. Mr. Grey is a correspondence with Mr. Monroe's Secretary of State, and he will know very near what is likely to transpire."

After speaking that Capt. Matthews sank his head to himself, and worked his lips tightly together, and I could see that his fingers clutched the reins nervously. He had done this same thing several times during the ride, and I began to come to conclude that he must have a touch of the malady, or something of the kind, and so at length I asked him if he was in pain.

"No! I show my uneasiness so plainly?" he said to me, with a smile; and when he had read my countenance answer from my look, he went on:

"I'll tell you, Becket, what has happened, and you shall see just how much occasion I have for uneasiness. Saturday evening week Mr. Grey paid me two thousand dollars,—part of it for myself, and part for a friend in Charleston. When I turned in that night I took my pocket-book from the inner breast-pocket of my jacket, and where I generally carried important documents, and put it under my pillow. Next I turned out yesterday morning I forgot all about my money. My mind was upon other things, and I turned that I was to meet them, and the thought of the pocket-book never entered my head; and I did not think of it until two hours after I had reached home. For a while after I had discovered my pocket-book I had a strong notion to take a fresh horse and go back to Salem and get the money; but I finally gave up the idea. I thought to myself that no one had any business in my stateroom, and even allowing that any one should go in there, they would not be likely to go poking around my bunk. But seeing that my state-room was locked, and that I had the key safe in my pocket, there could not be much danger. And yet the thing has troubled me considerably."

And then the captain laughed at the idea of entertaining any fears in that direction, after which the conversation turned upon another subject.

We rode into the town of Salem at eight o'clock, being quite out of breath; just as the hour was struck; and as soon as we had put up the horse we took our way to the ship, where we found Mr. Sanborn just setting the men at work putting off the anchor. Capt. Matthews stepped a few moments to speak with the Custom-House officer, while I proceeded at once to the cabin, where my chest yet remained, for the purpose of putting myself into working trim. Presently soon the captain came down, and when he had put his key to the lock of his door, and found it all right, he turned to me and said, with a smiling face, that he guessed everything was safe.

He passed in, and was gone two minutes, perhaps, when he came back pale and trembling.

"By God, Beck," he cried, "somebody has robbed me!"

I had just put on my old shoes, and without stopping to tie them up, I hurried forward to his stateroom and looked in.

"Here is where I put the pocket-book," he explained to me, lifting up his pillow at the head of his bunk; "and he was going out with some further remarks when an excited cries of voice, when I interrupted him.

I knew that I had but a few, and that George Worsley Matthews was a man of broad and varied experience; but I had a good share of sound, practical sense, and I was gifted with a natural faculty of looking through a thing at the first glance. I possessed a great deal of intuition. There was a few well-ordered men might have to study a long time to discover the why's and wherefore's of a thing, I stepped at once to the magnetic pole of the needle jumps to the north, when it is set free upon its pivot,—and I was seldom mistaken. On the present occasion I was with Capt. Matthews was been upon quite looking his look; but I touched him upon the arm, and bade him be somber. Would he listen to me?

"Yes,—he would listen to me most cheerfully. "Yes," said I, "make as little show as possible of your loss. Let the men go on with their work as if it had not been done when you would not fully trust, let them understand that you have lost nothing, that you feel it on the road from Salem to Charlestown."

Capt. Matthews listened to me attentively and with a look of hope in his eyes, and when he had done he explained to me, lifting up his pillow at the head of his bunk; and he was going on